

CAVALCADE

SEPT. 1st



MURDER BY MAGIC

I LIVED WITH THE PALESTINE JEWS



clothes for **Staming** Trouzers
SELF-SUPPORTING CLOTH

Cavalcade

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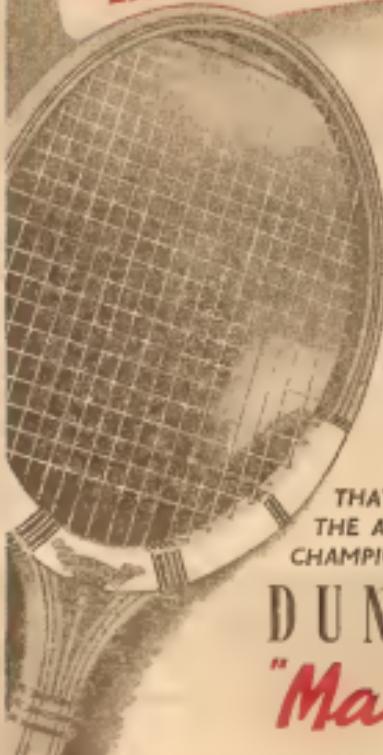
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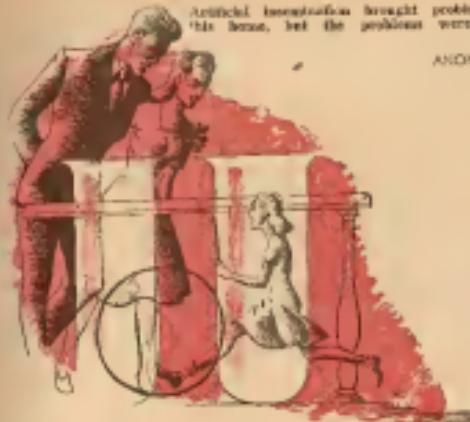
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THAT'S WHY
THE AUSTRALIAN
CHAMPION USES

DUNLOP
"Maxply"

Artificial insemination brought problems into this house, but the problems were solved.

ANONYMOUS



MY TEST-TUBE DAUGHTER

MY daughter is eight years old. Only five people know that my husband is not her father. They are my husband, my parents, a New York doctor and myself.

I was artificially inseminated in New York in 1938.

I am an Australian by birth, but while I was a child I went with my parents to live in America. We all returned to Australia after the war.

My husband and I met in Los Angeles in 1950, and we were married soon after, going back to New York. We both wanted a child, but as the years went by and there was no sign of a baby, I tried to hide my disappointment. Then on our ninth anniversary, I talked to my husband about it. We decided that I should go to a gynaecologist and see if there were any physical reasons why I had not had a child.

The doctor examined me thoroughly, passing me through X-Ray and laboratory tests. He said that I was quite healthy and that I should be able to conceive in the normal way. He suggested, however, that he examine my husband.

Frank was agreeable and visited the doctor next day. The doctor told him quite plainly that he could never become a father.

It was a shock to us both. I was waiting for my husband in the reception room, and, after the consultation was over, the doctor called me in.

"It was kind," he said. "If we really wanted children we should have them. There were two options open to us. One was legal adoption. 'And the other,'" my husband added.

The doctor looked at us

"You have heard of test-tube babies?"

We had read in the newspapers that American doctors were artificially inseminating women. I did not think the experimental stage had been passed.

"I have treated several patients successfully," the doctor told us. "Of course, there is no certainty of pregnancy. But of seven women in whom I gave injections three have already had a child and two others are pregnant."

Frank shifted uneasily in his chair. "Would we know who the father was?"

"Me," said the doctor. "The donor is known only to me. He signs an affidavit, relinquishing any claim on a resulting child, and he is not told who is to be the mother or the foster-father."

"Would the child be legitimate?" I asked.

The doctor hesitated. "There has as yet been no court decision on that point," he said. "Eventually I think a test-tube baby will be declared legitimate. But I should warn you that opinion is divided on the maternity question. The churches are against it. If you are in doubt yourselves, I would suggest you adopt a child."

"An adopted child would have no blood tie at all," my husband said thoughtfully, "but a test-tube baby would be half ours."

"Exactly." The doctor nodded his head. "And great care is taken in choosing donors. We check their medical history and family background, and we try to find a donor who is similar to the husband in appearance and temperament."

"I think we should go home and discuss it," I said doubtfully.

Frank agreed.

It wasn't easy to come to a decision. We talked about it for several weeks, trying to look at it from every angle. Then we went to tell the doctor we had decided to have a test-tube baby.

"It may take time," the doctor said. I became pregnant in the third month after I began receiving regular injections.

Then I started to worry. My hus-

band didn't want the child when it was born because it was not his. Perhaps there would be some abnormality about it because of the method by which it was conceived. The doctor assured me that the child's chances of being born with any defect were the same as any normally born child.

My daughter was born three days after the date the doctor had set as probable. She was a beautifully formed baby with dark hair like mine and blue eyes very much like my husband's. I was happy about that. And when I saw Frank's face this morning he tipped into my hospital room to see us both together for the first time. I had no fears about his regarding the child. From the very beginning he treated her as his own. He was always willing to look after her when I went out. He liked giving her her bottle, and didn't mind getting up to go to her at night when she cried.

No family could have been happier than ours after our little girl was born. My husband and I never referred to the fact, even to each other, that she was not the daughter of us both.

Then three years ago, the cold hand of fate was laid on my heart.

I had told my parents about the injections before I was even pregnant. I wanted them to know. They had more prejudices than we had. They argued against it, but when they saw our winds were made up, they gave in. They have been all that grandparents could be to my daughter.

Just after Baby's fifth birthday my mother said to me:

"Will you tell her who the grown-up that Frank is not her father?" I stood still and stared at her. My heart pounded. It was something I had never given a thought!

"Oh, no," I said. Then I added slowly, "I don't know."

That night I told Frank what Mother had said. I could see he had not thought about it either. He sat on the edge of the bed and looked at me.

"Would we have to tell her?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said again. "I

don't want to, but perhaps it would be fairer. After all, if we were adopted, we would tell her."

"That's true," my husband said.

I worried about it. If we waited until she was sixteen and told her then, how would she take it? It might horrify her. The knowledge might turn her against me, and she would hate me, her mother.

I decided to ask the advice of the gynaecologist who had given me the injections. I had not seen him since my daughter was born.

He remembered me and greeted me warmly. I told him why I was troubled.

"Of course, it entirely depends on your husband and yourself," he said. "But I don't think it is necessary to tell your daughter that your husband is not her real father. She is not likely to hear it from anyone else."

I was greatly relieved.

"The only real danger that will exist with these children is the number of artificial inseminations gone," the doctor went on. "In the possibility of two offspring of the same donor marrying. But in the case of your daughter, I am sure there is no danger at all."

It was reassuring. My husband and I decided that, unless anything should occur to alter our opinion, we should let our daughter think she is the child of our union.

In only recent months the New

York Supreme Court has ruled that all children born after artificial insemination by a donor other than the husband are to be considered legitimate. This clears my doubt as far as legal rights are concerned.

I am happy to know that in Australia, wives of husbands with whom they have physical incompatibility but who are able to father children are now being given the opportunity to bear children. These babies are also legitimate under British law. I hope that before long wives of sterile husbands will be given the same opportunity.

A healthy wife should not be prevented from child-bearing. It is often difficult to hold a difficult marriage together. If a married couple do not wish to adopt someone else's child, it does seem that a test-tube baby, which is the offspring of the wife, is the answer to their problem.

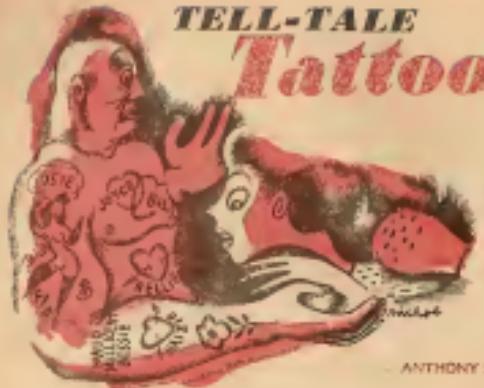
There are, of course, many problems which have yet to be cleared up concerning artificial insemination.

More than 200 babies have been fathered in this fashion in Britain up to the present time, and the total in America amounts to 3000.

If my daughter should marry and find herself faced with a similar dilemma, I hope she will make the same one as I did. It has meant much happiness to my husband and myself.



TELL-TALE Tattoos



ANTHONY STRONG

When Jack Tar takes his heart from Lulu and gives it to Maude his tattoo-marks have to correspond.

MRS CECIL EDWARD LAMBERT, 55, widow of London, is in trouble you see during a sentimental moment while an novice in India, he had engraved on his arm the picture of a girl. This act in itself was no cause for an anger or judgment, but complications arose when, with the last shot fired, he returned home to encounter a far more personal war—he had not only married the girl, but in doing so had deserted from the principle of manliness.

And what wife, we ask, would condone about being confronted with evidence of her spouse's full fall from grace such time he married his maid?

The upshot of the affair was that the original Mrs. Lambert haled Cecil to court, alleging that he had assaulted her; and the magistrate with Schopenhauer's wisdom adjourned the case for 5 months in order that Lambert might have the picture obliterated.

Lambert's professionalism proves once again that tattooing, like marriage, can be an event undertaken in haste and reported at leisure—a philosophy endorsed by a tattoo artist in an

Australian capital city, who asserts that in these piping days of peace most of his income has its source in the subject's anxiety to remove traces of an earlier indiscretion.

"I've got a pretty good runnery for faces," he says, "and many's the drunk-faced boy I've had come in to have an 'Ivan' tattooed on his arm, and who, a few years later, has come in again to have it removed. What can I do? I can't remove the name—but I can obliterate it with a garish of washable ink and if it peels off any better, I can take the new lady's name beneath the ronkobah."

"Another job of repair work I've tried to do is to put a New Look—and a more respectable one—on the picture of a wife. Mostly, I save the ends of a full set of clothes, but now and then a man is satisfied if I only put on a pair of stockings."

"Sailors, of course, are my best customers, and I'd warn any girl not to trust a sailor whose arm looks like a Flower Festival because the gypsies say that the horn is fading the names of maybe half a dozen previous loves."

This tattoo artist, in spite of his warnings, never attempts to persuade anyone not to have his arms engraved, pointing out fairly enough that such an action would be bad for business; nor does he influence customers in their choice of designs. You may choose from about 100 designs, ranging from a ship in full sail to the simple entrenched heart bearing the inscription "Mother".

"Most of the customers who ask for the 'Mother' design are kids of about 18. Later, if they keep on being customers, they ask for pictures that would make Mother think, That, I suppose, is Life in man's life. You get to know a lot about people in my business—education, and things like that."

The "Mother" design costs \$15, but if you want a similar ship that will move when you wriggle your bumby, you'll have the ship \$25 lighter than you entered in it. The first will occupy only five minutes of the tattoo artist's time, but not two hours aside for the ship. The tattoo works quickly and apparently roughly, but need from an early finish of two, the subject submits to the operation quickly.

One of the peculiarities of most designs is that they bring in the best century.

"That is because tattooing is dying out. Take me now—I've gotten on for 40, and I got most of the designs from the men I worked for. I've added a few of my own, but not for years. That's why most of my women have the smile or short blouse. Just nobody seems to care," says the tattoo man.

Lulu's case will, however, he keeps abreast with modern trends in his craft. He'd like, for instance, to switch to electric needles, and polled out a magazine article showing details of the newest and best electric tattoo machine.

"Wfully," he enthused.

"There, look—it takes eight needles at once, and penetrates the skin one thirty-second of an inch and makes 20,000 punctures a minute. It's not just used for ordinary tattooing either—the man who built it is sometimes called in to knock off a plasma surgery job. Like putting nipples on the breast of a man bent in an accident or during the war."

The tattooist has a sense of humor one of his designs, especially created for men of the sea, has twin projectors depicting both the rescuer the shipwreck. "Keep Clear." This, he says, you not be seen him—he mounted it on the sheet of an American sailor who came to him, during the war years for additional service. It is now a stock design in his repertoire. Did he feel the art of tattooing a ridiculous job?

"Why should it? I may be putting the same old patterns on people—but the people are all different. I've seen bad women come in and ask me to give them ornate bows on their arms with initials underneath. You think women are the poorest species? One day, a woman came here with her big-brained and they had another designs tattooed on their arms. Within a month, she came back by herself to have the initials creviced with roses buds—and within another month, she was back with a new fellow, asking for new initials. Of course, I did them. That's my business."

"But, remember, every responsible tattoo artist wants his own customer a bit compact in to have a walking stick tattoo'd on his arm, or even on his back, there's okay by me, and I won't try to talk him out of it. But sometimes a fellas or a girl—or both—comes in to ask me to tattoo something that is outright obscene."

"What makes them ask? I couldn't tell you, except maybe that's the way those glands work. You'd be shocked if I told you what some people have asked me for—just as shocked as if I told you what I've said to them."

"Sometimes, when a fellas has had a drink or two too many, I tell him I'm busy, and to come back tomorrow. Most of them never do. I remember seeing a young man come in and asked me to tattoo the picture of his favorite film star on his arm. I did. He was back a week or two later to ask me to take it off—the film star had married someone else, I suppose he thought she'd been unfaithful to him. I refused him to just a branch of roses over the nose—so that he'd think twice before he got himself engaged to another film star. That's one of the peculiarities of some of my customers, getting the names of

"If I were a man given to phrases, instead of the other way around, I'd call it a soul test. Now they thought about it. I will tell it a soul test. Bob (Prater's) Ted Hope consented to write about Crosby as Hope sees him as Hope knows him, as Hope canals have done one "Hand" picture after another. You going back to the hayloft? I and old Tattered Tomals were together six years before the first Road pictures at the Capitol Theatre in New York. He was an up-and-coming chirp on the comedy circuit. I of course was already famous, my wit the talk of Broadway. I photographed the billing during that season "Bing Crosby and Bob Hope," it said, "just as it does to this very day."

—From Photoplay, the world's best motion picture magazine

well-known streetwise tattoo'd-on their arms. It must be a fratricide complex or something."

He paused for a moment, and went on.

"Tell you something. You ask me if my job's mysterious—well, it's not unusual for a detective to drop in here to ask me if I can remember someone with—and such a design on someone. Why? Because every poor devil has been beaten up, and all he can remember about the fellow who did it is that he had a similar design on his forearm."

"Having a tattoo as his arm doesn't make a man a criminal, but there's more than one man out at the Bay who's very likely now a tattoo artist. The trouble is, once a man's had his arm or body tattoo'd, and he's not a police repeat, the marking goes into his record. A non-criminal can have a mark covered with redinkable ink if he wants, he'll still got an identifying mark on him."

"What's more, tattoo artists in different countries use designs that are kind of indigenous to those countries—and that helps the police a lot, especially if they suspect that a man concerned with a job is a foreigner."

He took from a drawer an old newspaper, and fumbled among the pages until he found what he wanted. He

painted out the news' item with a raised thumb.

It was to the effect that a man serving a six-months' prison sentence had escaped from a hospital where he was undergoing treatment. Among other descriptive details, it was mentioned that the escapee had a woman tattoo'd on his right upper arm, and a heart on the left arm.

"That fella hasn't got a chance," said the tattooist. "Not that anyone has much chance of beating the police, after he's broken jail. But this fella—well, I let him's back in jail within a week."

He was, incidentally, right. The escapee was back in disease-vile the following day. He had, however, returned of his own free will.

"Look," went on the tattoo artist, "suppose you are an engineer. You've recent been on your job—as long as one day, maybe when you've had a few drinks, you decide to have, say a sunburst wrench engraved on your arm."

"That's okay, and I'm all for it. But you get into trouble, great money—and the petty cash box is lost. When you leave the place that night, so does the box. That's the start—within a year or so, you've stopped taking petty cash boxes and go for opening safes. Then you've picked up

"The police have you taped now. They've got details of you from head to toe, including the fact that you've got a sunburst wrench engraved on your arm."

"After you've served your stretch, you go back to the old business of auto-breaking, mail theft, just too bad, and you've got to go into snakes. You're broken, and you've got to take a job. Where? In an engineer's shop, of course."

"And that's where the police will come looking for you. You...the police love us tattoo artists."

He mentioned, also, how important a part tattooing played in a sensational crime a few years back, when the victim of a murder was identified by a design on his arm—the only part of the body to be found. Then he asked if I had ever heard of a Frenchman named Dupret—a gentleman, it seemed, who was much given to murder and other criminal activities. When he was finally brought to justice, Dupret proved that he had a keen sense of humor, for when he was undressed, the grandiose fraud around his neck a tattoo'd lion, and the simple

though prophetic words: "To cover the head, cut along this line." Such grim humor is rare in the experience of the oldest tattooists.

My tattooed friend had obviously made a deep study of his craft. He knew it all but the knowledge made him sad, for he reckoned that his art was of a tragic sort. Years ago, he said there was a tattoo artist an practically every quackade corner. Now, if you ought to have a bit of simple amazement on your arm, you had to search the city.

It was on that note that I left him. Except that as I reached the door, he said:

"Don't forget that if you're thinking of committing a crime, master, you'll be wise to stay away from my needles."

It was a good tip. Then, to prove the truth of the saying about doctors not taking their own medicine, he pulled up his sleeve.

His arm was covered from biceps to wrist with tattoo marks. As he said, even a tattoo has to start somewhere ...





BAD MOMENTS WITH BEARS

It's quiet in the woods — and then this big grizzly comes along.

I MET my first grizzly one hot summer day when I was taking a load of gear into gear out of our six miles. Four pack dogs were my means of transporting the stuff, and because that kind of weather is tough on dogs I decided to give them a rest. Sitting down on a convenient log, I started to fill my pipe. I don't know what made me look up but look up I did. After I'd raised my eyes the next thing that crossed was the bear on top of my head. Less than 30 yards away, coming straight towards me, was a big grizzly.

By the time I got my throat muscles operating he was only 25 yards away. My first idea was a very poor effort; a sort of combined growl, snap and growl. However, it had the desired effect. The bear stopped at his tracks and his surprise was just as great as mine. For a minute we took each other in, neither of us making a sound. The bear had suddenly stopped all over his face. After pausing a few more moments or two he cut at night

angles to his original course, then cut back and ran in the same direction he was heading when I first saw him.

John Bradbury was the fire-ranger that summer, and he and I were fighting a fire on the Simmenette. After three days of living on deer meat and, as can in sight, we decided to go back for the horses—we'd come the last leg with pack dons—and bring in more supplies.

The next morning we struck back for the Simmenette. The trail was hard on horses, and John went ahead to see if he could find easier going. That night he came back to camp about a half-hour after dark, and for a long while he was quiet. Then, "Did you ever have a feeling that you were being followed?"

That was an odd question to come from him, and I asked what brought it up.

"Well," he said, "I had that feeling all the way back, but I never saw a thing."

The next morning, on mount skates, we found where a big grizzly had followed John closely for more than a mile, whose instinct must have been walking overtime to warn him of danger. We got back to the fire, put it under control, and because John had to report to Edna the fact of the mount, we spent little time talking. On the way out, about two miles above the 3 cabin, a deer dashed ahead of us. John got off his horse and continued, leading his mule mount. We came to the river bank, and John motioned me to come up. I got off my horse, walked past the pack animals, and stepped beside him.

An old mother grizzly and three cubs were on a bar across the river. As we watched they all headed east the winter, two cubs in the lead, while the mother and the third cub followed. We did not want to kill any of the bears, but decided to try a shot and see if we could scare them back to the other side.

John shot. The old bear took one way and seemed to take everything in at a glance. She raised out of the water, placed a paw on each of the two cubs ahead of her, and pushed. The water was at least six feet deep, but still bat those little brown bouncers off the rocks on the bottom. They came up spluttering and gasping, so the mother bear gave them another dose. Believe me, the next time they surfaced they were good places.

The whole outfit went sailing down the middle of the river, and swung into a side-bank on the other side. The two lead cubs climbed out on the bank with the mother right behind them, and though they seemed to have some intention of stopping to shake themselves dry, she couldn't see it that way. She was crowding and suddenly the headed off and disappeared down the bank. "Take it from me, there is a big difference between a grizzly's snarl and a cub's bark. Those cubs landed about 30 feet up on the river bank and no more questions asked. They hit the top and scrambled out of sight. When they were out, still crowding, the old bear headed for us. Is was one of those moments you always expect but rarely get

There wasn't the slightest doubt that she meant business, and there's a lot of things I'd rather do than take a working-over from a grizzly. John left her there twice in the chest before she got into swimming-water water and except that the hit at each bullet as it struck, she沉了 three dozen bullets into as many fish lures. Also, she kept right on coming. John reached into his pocket and suddenly turned to me.

"Maaf! Tex got only one earinig-left! The rest are in the pack box!"

I took all standing around, getting back to the horses and searching my rifle out of its scabbard. When I got back, there was no bear in sight, and John was looking somnily down the river. He had the bear had gone upstream some willows about 20 yards below us. We stood our way along the bank until we could see her, held on and half out of the water. She was stone dead, still she had swum 15 yards across a river after being hit hard three times.

Even the friendly sheep bear will become ferocious when her cubs are along. I remember once a friend and I had been fishing in the bush country and decided to take a swim. Our net was started a pair of playful bear cubs enjoying a bout with my shirt and their angry mother leaped to their defense. For a moment it looked as if she would snap. But fortunately for us, she abruptly changed her mind, roundly cuffed the little fellows and marshalled them off.

A grizzly gave me a bad few minutes one time when I was packing. Louis McLeod had come up to Bo 3 cabin to pick up lumber with Alec and me. We started for the best patch, about three miles down the trail.

Presently Louis and I heard an exclamation from Alec. The outfit stopped. We stepped to see who, and at first I thought a moose was coming up the trail. Then it stood up, and my "moose" turned out to be a big grizzly with three cubs.

Under any other circumstances it would have been a wonderful sight, one cub was in the exact pose of its mother and the other two were just looking at us. Then the old bear

dropped to the ground, leaped a few yards in our direction, and stood up to inspect us again. I had the rifle and it seemed as though it was up to me to hold the fort—a position over which I could work up very little enthusiasm.

I owned another .30 Special with which I could beat a .30-06 game at 50 yards. The bear, less than 30 yards away and showing straight up, presented one of the most perfect shots I've ever seen, and if I'd had my other gun the firecrackers would have been over in short order. I didn't have it. Wishful thinking was not going to get us anywhere. I leaped a shell into the chamber, and was just raising the gun when she stopped for that second look. Curiously, was written all over her face, and luckily there wasn't a single move, or anything else on the part of our outfit, to start her. Seemingly satisfied that we meant no harm, she dropped in the crowd, turned at right angles to the trail, and legged off of the trail.

The never had any great fear that a grizzly can be killed with a .30 rifle, but while I thought I myself would have to prove whether or not it could be done, Alex and I, and our dog, Sport, had left No. 3 cabin and were on our way to No. 5. One of my horns was powdered, and I wanted to save it a bit so stopped to look for a place to sit down. Sport, who was giving a little drag and didn't hear me stop, continued down the road. I heard him barking, but figured he had found a deer or moose, so without even looking up I shouted at him. Just as I was about to sit down as a convenient windfall Alex stopped "Herr! It's a grizzly!" The voice was cheered with excitement.

She was, I shone to say, 100 per cent mad. The trail passed at the point. Maybe a hundred and fifty feet down Sport stood with his tail bawling, barking at a grizzly. The grizzly had his own ideas about dogs and was heading for Sport.

There is quite a loop in the trail right there and, though Sport followed the trail, the grizzly cut across. So doing he came almost in a banner towards us, but kept his attention riveted on the dog. I was yell-

ing at the top of my lungs, but if the bear heard me he gave no evidence of it. I hoped by this time that Alex knew some proper and was staying there, my amanuensis consisted of one .30 rifle loaded with super-speed ball-lets. A man in a situation like that will do some thinking, and I thought that T-4 was for the grizzly to come within five or six feet, throw any hair in his face and grab that bird stood on his hind legs with his mouth open. Then I'd try to shoot him in the back of the throat.

Obviously the bear intended to catch the dog, and his present purpose was to head it off. He accomplished that little fact by bawling out on the trail within five years of us. There he sat, Alex and I on the one side of him and Sport on the other. There is no way of telling what a animal will do. That bear had every reason to consider himself in a corner from which he would have to fight his way. Instead he sat set, looking from the dog to us. All the time I was telling him what I thought—some of which was expletive—in a loud voice. Suddenly he folded his hind paws under his chin and dashed out of there as fast as the dirt flew. Why? I don't know.

Alex was trying to talk but, though her mouth was working, no sound was coming out. I had to laugh, whereupon Alex got mad and told me a few things about sports who laughed a few seconds after death stared them in the face. I suppose the rest moral of this story is never to laugh at your wife after she's been frightened by a grizzly.

We were passed clear off a trip-line by neither more than tracks. A bunch of wolves had been making a lot of kills in the country between the Sonnerville cabin and Evening Creek. I think the bears were hanging around there to clean up what the wolves left, and there were plenty of bears. This was a very bad outlook indeed for us.

I didn't like the looks of things the first time I went down that way; one grizzly is bad enough but when you go meandering around with a dozen or so you've really got something. I set my traps anyway, and on the second trip

over the line stayed, as usual, at the Evening Creek cabin. The dogs fished all night, and two or three times when I went out I could hear some heavy animal moving in the brush. I thought it was a moose, but couldn't figure why a moose should stick around when the dogs were running wild.

My second trip into Evening Creek I discovered where a monstrous grizzly—he had the largest tusks I ever saw and followed me practically all the way when I was in there before. Suddenly it dashed on me that it was this huge grizzly, and not a moose, that had been hanging around the cabin all night. I don't know why a grizzly follows a man, but think that, nine times out of ten, they're simply curious.

Louis McFarland's cabin was on the Tenay River. Being on the river bank, it was necessary to haul firewood a mile or so. Louis used a team to make woodcut out to the flats there loaded it on to a wagon and hauled it home. One day, when he was smoking weed out of the brush, his horses started setting up. Happening to glance back down the old trail, Louis was surprised to see a big grizzly ambushing normally towards him.

Louis was a little nervous in that kind of company, so kept circling at the bear. The bear kept glancing at the wagon and watched him load. The

next day the same thing happened, as soon as Louis started packing a load of wood down the old trail the bear descended in behind and became a very interested specimen of entomology. Louis was sort of interested himself that second day, and spoke to the bear in a conversational tone. The bear looked his head to one side, snarled like a hog dog trying to figure out what his master wanted to eat across.

Louis had a real scare later on. Class to Jackfish Lake the old Grizzly Frame trail followed a ridge. Accompanied by three dogs, who were sniffing the brush at the edge of the trail, Louis was smiling unreservedly clear. Suddenly a dog went by on each side of him, and a split second later the third one went between his legs. That dog snarled a peck, and Louis went over backwards. Just about the time he landed on the ground a monstrous grizzly jumped straight over him.

Louis says the men there he remembers clearly was running like fury for the cabin. The only solution he could sputter out was that the bear had fallen into one of those sheep-minded loops which were so characteristic of bears. Coming out of the dense spruce which lined the road, the bear was practically on top of Louis and the dogs before any of them realized it. Instead of running to run, the bear just kept snarling and had to jump over Louis.





Cleopatra—
Queen of Egypt

Girls in their teens were the great courtesans and Wonders of history.

MIGHTY MOPPETS

DAMON HILLS

THE man who ruled the world was accustomed to receiving gifts, and sat in a rather bored and disinterested way while these gaudy presents were paraded before his dais.

The Queen of Rome expected gifts, and when Apollodorus brought in a big halo of rich, hand-woven Syrian rugs, the great ruler and soldier had no reason to be particularly interested.

Apollodorus unrolled the rug—and from them stepped the newly-rolled figure of a glorious young woman, firm-faced, with flashing eyes, bewitching, desirable, and entirely at the disposal of the Roman general.

His interest in her loveliness was in no way diverted when he learned that this was no slave-girl given by some foreign prince; this was a Queen, given herself by her own Royal will, and Caesar accepted the

gift. She was "the fairest and whitest girl of all the earth," in very short time Caesar was her slave.

Cleopatra did have herself wrapped in rugs and delivered in her most attractive manner to Caesar's presence because she wanted either a lover or an adventurer.

She was left as joint-hair to the throne of Egypt when she was seventeen, but she was robbed of her share in the rich inheritance. She needed a very strong husband if she was ever to be queen—and she had every intention of reaching the throne.

The surrender to Caesar was the first step for with the ruler of the world as her lover she was in a fairly secure position. The end of the story is as might—she was in turn Caesar's lover and his brother's murderer, and the mother of Caesar's son, the famous Queen of Egypt, mother of three sons of Marc Anthony

—one of the women who changed the course of history, and did it at seventeen.

Her age is the peak of the story—her age, and the curtain and unceasing during she showed off that age?

The witching of youth, of prettiness, has conquered conquerors—that is why Cleopatra could make a tool of Caesar at a time when kings could not defeat him in arms nor ambassadors in diplomacy.

There would be few to say that Joan of Arc, the sacred-hearted maid of Orleans, did not have a greater influence upon the course of history than any other woman known to the world.

Most people, if questioned about her age during the revolutionists events in which she took part, would be very busy about it. The downy, untroubled facts are that she led her French army to its first great victory against the English at the wise age at which Cleopatra conquered Caesar and was burned at the stake when she was only nineteen.

Amongst the maidens whose beauty has been perpetuated as causes by great saints of history name perhaps with the exception of the old Greek beauties, has endured more fame than Gabrielle Danti Rossetti's wife and model, Bessie.

Before she was twenty-one she had been immortalized by all the members of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, becoming the model for such names as Holbein's "Vivien," Millais' "Ophelia," and Rossetti's own famous "Tennyson Beatrice."

Youth—particularly becoming youth—seems invariably bound up with the great love stories of history. We know that Juliet, partner with Romeo in the greatest love story known, was but fourteen years of age when wooed by the romantic son of Montague. We know, too, in the famous and tragic love affair of Paolo and Francesca that—although not informed of her exact age—Francesca when she first met her doomed lover had just reached a matriarchal age, and that in the adulterous period in which she lived would mean she

would, at the most, be midway through her teens.

Even the woman of history's notoriety did not have to wait for maturity before beginning to exhibit their powers. When Cleopatra had herself mounted in a carpet and appealed before the amazebly adoring eyes of Julius Caesar, she was but in her early teens. Messalina, most infamous woman of all history, was only sixteen years of age when her beauty enabled her to capture the heart of Getae. She married the Roman emperor over whom, from the very last years of their married life, she exerted an evil and complete dominion.

The two famous mistresses of Louis the Fifteenth of France—Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry—were both much less girls when they began to wield such extraordinary power over the French monarch, and their influence set the exasperated course towards revolution.

To leave these particular women and their lascivious doings and to end upon a note of beauty, mention may be made of the princess Anna Paulowna, to whom was such the most inspiring countenance over suited to the beauty and honor of women.

That, of course, is the famous Tsar Nikolai of Agria, the most elaborate and magnificent monarch ever created by a human being. The diamond and jewel studded robe bejeweled and set high office, which displayed the aristocratic genius of not only native craftsmen but also the most famous European artists of their day, is estimated to have cost these million pounds to create and to have employed the services of twenty thousand workmen over a period of sixteen years.

These facts however, are only subsidiary to the main anarchist—the magnificient tomb stands as a perpetual tableau in the shabby, beauty and fidelity of eighteenth woodcarving.

Augustus, in whom this stupendous effigy was delineated, was but nineteen years of age when she captivated the heart of and married the prince who later built this matchless shrine to her memory.

Passing Sentences

Highbrows are people who have been educated beyond their intelligence

Slogans of the modern man: If at first you don't succeed, try a little harder

This is the final test of a gentleman: has respect for those who can be of no possible service to him.

Some men have thousands of reasons why they cannot do something when all they need is one reason why they can.

My husband and I are closer together than we've been for years. He's gained ten pounds and I've lost ten.

A lady is a woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman.

When a man is in his knees proposing to a girl, he might as well say his prayers at the same time.

Mother Nature is quite a gal, but she can't go from winter to summer without a spring, or from summer to winter without a fall.

The way most fishermen catch fish is by the tale.

Try pleasing your wife, even if it frightens her at first.

In some states it is a crime for a wife to remarry her husband's pocketbook. In my state it is merely a waste of time.

Optimist: One who says, "Please pass the cream." Pessimist: One who says, "Is there any coffee left?"

An economist plans what to do with money that isn't his.

At least the person with the one-track mind usually knows where she's going.

Sophie: The whisper of a laugh.

A widow is a woman who no longer finds fault with her husband.

★ On the seashore anyone can smile, says Barbara Bates, lovely Warner Bros. player





The POUND NOTE OF DOOM

Four surveyors passed out the level patch of bushland.

From a distant, isolated farmhouse, settlers in the lonely Jundah area watched them.

The surveyors didn't seem to notice they were being watched. While they worked they were watching themselves—taking in everything they could see, their keen eyes ever roving, peering from under their wide hat brims.

In the lonely and isolated Jundah district, far from Sydney, far from younger Melbourne, too, it was strange to see settlers or surveyors. Occasional gold fossickers, picnickers, bushwalkers—most wild animals.

When night fell the four surveyors made camp. They never saw daylight. They never even saw who shot them. One of them lay on his back, sightless eyes staring at the twilight. On his chest was pinned a one-pound note.

The surveyors were special police, volunteers who answered Sir Henry Parker's appeal for men to end the menace in the south. The menace of bushrangers. "The bushrangers have friends everywhere, be careful," he warned.

The surveyors were not foolish enough.

Nor were the bushrangers. Tom and Johnnie Clarke and their gang found out the truth about the surveyors, killed them as they had killed others—to annihilate another police. But annihilation has its limits. The folded one-pound note on the dead man's chest

started a cry that no fear would break.

It was constable Walsh, mounted by blacksmith Watkins, who got the hot trail. He had a herd of volunteers with him, and followed the path of dangerous doby. It led him to a clearing on a mountainside top. In the middle of the clearing was a hut. Near it were broken Shasta cans from a bushfire meal.

Barely came down the hut in the late afternoon light. Walsh and his party went to ground and returned the fire. They were forced to face with the dangerous unknown, and darkness fell.

This was due to be a long and gory battle. Walsh was badly wounded. Black-trader Watkins was amously hit. Back and forth the bullets chipped all night. Police fear was that they wouldn't have enough ammunition to end the saga.

But in the dawn the sun-dust faded quickly. The hut door opened. The police fired, and saw off Tom Clarke come out with his hands up. He was surrendering, so was his brother-pastor.

The police took them all. They made no defense; they took them hanging at Dargaville goal in June 1887 sickly enough.

Nobody ever knew why they did it. After two years of misery and bloodshed they gave up without a struggle—and when they walked out of the hut they left behind them spear arms and ammunition to defend themselves for weeks!



FACTS ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS

Something you ought to know about the weak link in somebody's family.

THREE'S a colorful and well-known story about a person who was chased up a tree, but such was the strength of his madness that he mapped the paths that held him. The people who had chased him up were so frightened of him that they drove him out into the bush, and he lived in caves in the hills.

It is a New Testament story, and it serves to show: (1) How long insanity has been one of the curses of the human race; (2) how people who thought they were sane have reconsidered it, and have, as a result been frustrated of it, and (3) how little progress we have made in 2000 years in this disease.

After all, what is the difference between driving a madman out into the bush to live in a cave, and driving him into a cell to live in an asylum?

Only in the past few years have the first steps in proper treatment of insanity been taken. In the meantime, people wonder whether they themselves are likely to suffer any

breakdown of the mind, or whether any of their family may do so.

They don't quite know the difference between "normal" behaviour, a temporary aberration, and permanent madness. They don't know what kinds of insanity can be cured and what kinds cannot. Nor do they realize, very often, that the question of insanity closely affects the fate of their property, since the Lunacy Laws give sole force in holding or disposing of a madman's possessions under the administration of the Master or Lunator.

Some curious complications are possible where a man is judged insane and is later found to be normal, complications both in relation to his property, his domestic relationships and his own life.

It is for these reasons that almost everybody will welcome news of improvement in the position, and it is for this reason that some of the most important questions are answered here.

It is perhaps as well to stress from the start that mental illness is no new thing—only the classification of mental diseases, and an attempt to understand their cause and cure, are new steps.

A lot of rubbish has been written and spoken about the arrest of the train—the speed-up of evolution, the increase of warlike and high-pressure business, and its effect upon the human constitution.

It would be very interesting to compare the stress and strain of these days with the stress and strain of former times. Reflect, for instance, on the position of some of the early tribes of Britain, where man lived from day to day in expectation of a violent attack by a neighbouring tribe, the burning of their houses and the violation of their wives and daughters—a period when a man had to live sleeping and walking, in expectation of attack and prepared to defend himself and his property against it.

Was that kind of stress and stress any harder on the constitution, or any easier on the constitution, than the ringing of telephone bells and the chime of a clock?

Take the present case of any good country, who went west in covered wagons, built their homes from virgin timber while they lived in all winters, and then lived in daily expectation of attacks from savagely natives, only a couple of centuries ago.

Was that kind of stress and strain any worse than the rounds of parties and dances and drinkin which, under the name of enjoyment, adds to the toll on our strength today?

There is a very fruitful field for argument there—an argument that can't take place on these pages, because it would lead too far off the track. In considering that question, one must remember that the basic changes in all living conditions have reflected in changed man. For instance, of all the muscles shared by all the men in the community today who placed in a heap, they wouldn't be nearly as big a heap as the muscles of the last prehistoric man would make. That is quite natural, because medicine has replaced

muscles to a huge extent. On the other hand, voluntary muscles add to physical training, and we have more bones than muscles.

There isn't any argument that the human mind cannot stand up to technical training. It was Boston Tassie's old man who remarked that the average man does not over use more than one-tenth of his mental power. It has been demonstrated over and over again that that is true, that the mind is capable of working at far greater pressure and over a far wider range than most people believe. And no, if others are suffered—if it is a healthy mind, just as no ill effects follow physical exertion, if it is a healthy body.

But just as physical exertion puts the load to a weak or unhealthy body, so emotional disturbance or overwork may be disastrous to a weak or unhealthy mind.

With those thoughts in mind, then, one can take up the commonest question which people ask about mental illness and answer them. The answers only cover ground of which psychiatric science is sure, and they should enable people who have any worries about mental illness to form some conception of the position as we understand it today.

1. **Hysteria** is a modern successor disorder due to the spread of modern times.

FALSE Hysteria is one of the oldest known forms of mental illness. An emotionally unstable individual who is unable to solve a certain problem or relieve some desire, may react with manifestations of hysteria.

2. **Mentally ill patients are often wild-eyed idiotically.**

FALSE It is no more right to consider a person to be classified as a "hyster" when he is mentally ill than to consider him fit for having the symptoms of heart trouble or cancer. The perverse and unpredictable actions of the mentally ill are never compared with conscious, rational intent.

3. **Shock treatment is used in all cases of mental illness.**

FALSE Just as there are many forms of mental illness, so are there many treatments, none of which are applicable to all cases. Shock treat-

ADVICE ON THE WRONG LINES.

Don't be down-hearted, don't be depressed.
 Forget the things that worry you and laugh with the rest.
 We know about trouble and the things you have to say—
 Well, say them if you have to and clear your house away.
 We know domestic troubles come to you as well as us,
 But please be philosophical and don't make such a fuss.
 We know the world's a rotten mess and all the rest of that,
 But cheer up, little brother, please! We hate to see you fail.
 What! You are not worried by these things? Then why
 not raise a grin?
 And little brother slyly said, "I am depressed by girl!"

ment, which is very beneficial to certain types of patients, is useless or even harmful to others.

4. It is easy to detect mental tendencies in a mentally ill patient.

FALSE. It is almost impossible for an untrained person to detect mental tendencies in certain cases. Some of these individuals talk about committed suicide; others never mention it. Some attempt suicide while deeply depressed and others when they appear to be cheerful and happy.

5. Admittance to a mental hospital should be avoided because "it drives people crazy to be around other crazy people."

FALSE. The association of mentally ill patients with one another has no bad effects. It must be remembered that it is not a situation where a normal person is trying to adjust to abnormal ones. Most mentally ill patients pay little attention to the behavior of those about them. Also it is restful and soothing to no longer be subject to the constant emotional strain of trying to unsuccessfully "act normal."

6. Insanity is incurable.

Mostly insures a patient in his delusions. Kindness and understanding should not be confused with moralized expressions of sympathy.

7. The best thing to do when a "nervous breakdown" threatens is to go away for a change of scene.

FALSE. Because a total change helps some people does not mean that it is advisable in every case. Strangers and loneliness may plunge a depressed person into deeper gloom. When a nervous breakdown occurs however, consult a physician instead of handing the well-meaning but ill-advised suggestions of friends and relatives.

8. Nymphitis is one cause of insanity.

TRUE. Nymphitis often results in persons or their doctors, "incurable forms of insanity due to lesions of the central nervous system."

9. Mental illness is hereditary.

TRUE. However, many psychiatric

girls believe that one's environment has more bearing on mental and emotional development than does heredity. Some personalities are weaker than others and because there is a mental patient in the family does not mean that all the other members of the family are doomed to eventual insanity.

10. A person who has returned home from a mental hospital should be pampered and shielded.

FALSE. Just as a convalescent child who has been spoiled during illness need be restrained, so should one deal with the convalescing mental patient. He should live as normal a life as possible, helped by understanding, and constructive sympathy to free his problems instead of causing him to feel them.

There is just one note worth adding. It is that mental deterioration, like physical illness, is a sickness, to be diagnosed and treated, not to be valued in shame and fear.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

I LIVED WITH THE

PALESTINE JEWS

DAVID NEITH



Miriam invited me to spend my leave with her in her home village.

I FIRST met Miriam when, as a member of the Palestine Auxiliary Service, she and her ambulance brought some of our men to the Western Desert to a hospital at Bawly, near Alexandria. It was she who, more than anything else, showed me how much hate existed between the Jews and Arabs.

I was supposed to be a stretcher case, but when Miriam asked if anyone would like to sit in the driver's seat with her—well, she was young and slim and pretty.

Our talk was general as we drove towards Bawly but I was secretly trying to bring the conversation to a more personal place. Then, at the roadside, we saw an Arab passing. Immediately, Miriam changed from a pretty, well-educated girl to a spooked animal of a woman which was always inevitable. She could talk, looking lost out of the situation—and spot at the Arab in an infernally complex

feminine way. Her face was twisted with hatred.

"Bloody Arabs!"

In her voice was all the venom one person can hold for another; all the malice of one religion for another. To an American mind unused in the art of hating, her action was incomprehensible. A bit embarrassed, I waited until we had run another mile, and said:

"You don't like Arabs?"

She replied: "I'd gladly die if I could take two Arabs to hell with me."

It should have sounded melodramatic, but it didn't. Her hatred was too intense for me to possibly believe that her words were silly spoken.

That was Miriam. That was all the Jews to whom I afterwards spoke. Later, through Miriam, I was to enjoy Jewish hospitality a good deal, and to respect that their hatred was born in an inherently complex

suspecting from the fact that for centuries they had been a people without a common homeland.

It was Miriam who asked me if I'd like to spend more of my next leave at a Jewish colony in the Negev Valley, that barren and hopeless stretch of Palestinian desert, into which the Jews have introduced the phenomena of generation.

Capsulation has become a greatly reduced and slowed word within the last two decades, but in that colony I found its absolute and true meaning—the destruction of having property in common. There all worked in keeping with their ability and all shared the reward of their soil. There, I saw sturdy youths ploughing the grounds and planting wheat, old men leading swaying cattle, women baking bread in a bakery that was a model of cleanliness, and I saw a score of brown-faced kids, merrily-clad, tumbling happily in the green grass.

It was approaching darkness when I arrived at the village, a time when the men of the village are working and changing into stocks and open-necked shirts and the women into dont robes. This is known—the "all-drawn" hour—and it is no coincidence a part of Jewish communal life is the indolent hours spent in the fields.

Miriam took me to a dormitory and introduced me to a few young men. They accepted me easily. One was a Roman, another a Pole, and a third an American with a limp.

I gaped out of a window and saw a number of Arabs collected at the barbed-wire fence. A Jew was talking to them—without hate.

"Friends of yours?" I asked the Roman Jew, smirking.

"No. They have a farming problem. We help them with our knowledge. We have modern tools and we use modern methods. The Arabs wish to leave our ways."

"You hate them, yet you educate them?"

"It is best for Palestine—and one day we Jews will have Palestine. When the war is over, and the troops are gone, we will fight the Arabs."

A few weeks earlier, I had met and talked to an Englishman who had

come out to Palestine to join the police force, and he had bemoaned the fact that while it was a moderately simple job to enter an Arab village to search for arms, it was needlessly dangerous to carry out an arm search in a Jewish settlement. In fact, he said, a warrant signed personally by the Commissioner was necessary for that purpose.

"Why?" The policeman shrugged. The answer, I inferred, was political. Yet the non-commissioned officers in the Palestine Police knew that in a land where arms were easily acquired, the Jews were assembling vast supplies.

As I stood in the settlement with these young Jews, I wondered how many rifles and how much ammunition was secreted beneath the floors of the huts, and I wondered, too, how long it would be before they would be put into use.

Earlier too, I had talked with an Arab boy who, at 12 years of age, had undertaken the responsibility of running a farm. His father, he told me, was 45—"too old for farm work." Gassim was a good farmer, and admitted that much of his knowledge had been passed from the Jews. Yet it was a fact that beneath the floors of his house, too, there was at least one rifle awaiting the Day.

Any soldier who served in the Middle East knows that the Day would come . . .

We went down among the others. Miriam was waiting. Tonight, she said, there would be a concert for the village, and many artist and comedians, there would be a picture show, with the film projected on an outdoor screen.

The brown-faced kids, now, were being collected, for although some of their parents in the evenings, their welfare was in the hands of trained supervisors and they live in a communal nursery.

The reason for this, Miriam told me, was to inscribe into the children the thought that they belonged to the community rather than to a private family.

"Then," I asked, "if they feel like that about the children, won't they resent my being here—with you?"

"Not at all. You're single—and you're

GONG fishing? If the water's cold, eat your bait with small pieces of it's warm. Larger chunks will do according to Canadian Fisheries experts. Davis concluded on their Research station on capture methods as baits supplied with warmer salt water show that the size of pieces of feed eaten by the fish varied with the water temperature. In general, the warmer the water, the larger the pieces of food gulped down. The fish did not eat at all when the water became very cold, nor did they eat when it rose above 65 degrees.

not the first man who's spent a week here as my invitation."

It was an intriguing remark Miriam said I did not go to the picture show that night.

I learnt a good deal during the week I spent at the village. It was obvious—at least to me—that the villages had been formed not merely to fill the land, but as a means of holding together the Jews in a series of groups, so that when the time came for action, the young men could more easily be mustered and called up for service. That, however, was for the future. The establishment of the communal villages for the time being was commensurate with giving a home to the displaced people of Europe.

There were, I understood, about 6000 Jews living in similar colonies throughout Palestine—a total that represented 4% of the Jewish population of the country. It all began in 1930, when a few Russian émigrés started a collective colony near the Sea of Galilee, in 20 years, only six more villages had been added, but with the coming into power of Adolph Hitler, the villages increased in number until, in 1942 or thereabouts, no less than 150 "communes" were scattered throughout Palestine.

No one, I learned, lasted in the colonies, yet there was a marked lack of

regretfulness. There was a notice-board in the communal dining room on which was posted a weekly duty roster dividing the work into two sections, one of which was revenue producing and the other scheduling domestic chores.

Unlike Russian villages of a similar nature, it is not mandatory for the worker to remain in a village. At any time, he is permitted to pack up and leave—but while he is a member of the community, he must draw his expenses from a common treasury. Expenses, naturally enough since members are fed and clothed by the commune, are few. No wages are paid, and no matter what the member's responsibilities are, remuneration is kept at the same level.

Produce is sold to outside markets, or is bartered to other villages. In short, while one "commune" might not be self-supporting, it will with the assistance of other villages be able to keep outside buying at a minimum.

In the village at which I spent a week, married couples lived together in double rooms, and unmarried people had dormitories. There was, however, to my mind, a fine and eminence between the latter which in ordinary circumstances would have caused them the disapprobation of anti-semitic religious critics. When I mentioned this to Miriam, she remarked me that when the villages were first formed, one or two were frankly unconventional in their outlook towards marriage; and that, in fact, the same group remained in a village near Haifa, where young men and women shamed in order to test the permanency of their feelings towards each other. But, she added, this apparently caused antagonism of communal living was soon replaced by normal family conditions.

I was glad, in a way, that the old outlook had not completely died out. And when I left the village at the end of a week, I readily accepted Miriam's invitation to return.

But I never did. Not these days, when I read of the struggle between the Jews and Arabs, I think of her. I think of her actions in working on the Arab who moved and that makes it easy to understand the difficulties with which we came to Palestine; and I

think of her and the other villagers in the "commune" in the Negev Valley. And I wonder what Miriam is doing now.

The chief reason for the establishment of the village was to enable the settlement of the greatest number of people in a small area, and to produce the greatest possible amount of food with a minimum of labor.

The women, I observed, enjoyed the same rights as men, and unlike similar settlements in Russia, were allowed to undertake executive tasks. In Russia, I understood, the labors of the women were confined to household tasks, although I was told that in later years the Russians

women had had some emancipation in this regard. Release of the straits towards women was, I was told, largely the result of war when, with the Bolsheviks away fighting, it became necessary to utilize women in executive posts.

The women, having tested these delights were reluctant to yield them up—and in all fairness, it may be said that they proved themselves to be very capable indeed.

As these people come in and out of the news, I cannot help remembering my experiences among them and I cannot help thinking that what is reported in the news gives no idea at all of them as they are.



WOMEN DRESS TO EAT TO BED DURING THE DAY THEY TRY TO MAKE AT HOME AND WORK INSTEAD OF GOING OUT OF ADVENURE

WOMEN DRESS DURING DAY IN NEARLY THE SAME WAY AS MEN DOING WORK AND KIDS OR PETS HAD TO GET DRESSED

WOMEN DRESS DURING DAY IN NEARLY THE SAME WAY AS MEN DOING WORK AND KIDS OR PETS HAD TO GET DRESSED

DOES NOT GIVE TWO WOMEN IN SITTING DOWN SEAT

DOES NOT GIVE TWO WOMEN LEFT SEAT OFF TABLE WHEN ONE REQUIRES RESTING WHILE SHE MEET HER

IN THE TIME WHEN IT WAS REACHED UPON LADIES WHO BOUGHT OF THEM OUT AND SOLD OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES AND HIS OWN FARMERS

There were miles by the million
in the mallee—and no Red Piper.



The FURRED INVASION

MERVYN ANDREWS

JOE LYNCH was as fit as a porpoise. When he launched his long-bladed or soft-lead tail with his steely-creaking and creaked, quivering and shivered like ground frost a dismasted corvette.

Launched upon a sand drill Joe leapt back, the reverberations giving the time to my demonstration of a leap-on hot bricks—a quarter of a century in advance of its reality.

It was early May, 1915, my first day in the once-idle Mallee. I grabbed at my saddle, my leashes, my thigh, squeezing hard on the squirming stiffness of the little furred friend; there was a ruckus up the leg of my trousers.

A curse, did I say? I jumped hard up and down, casting as fine a straw-reddish rug as ever was laid, and down they came—three dead ones took a nosebleed to earth. Two live ones, and a fourth, plunged to the safety of a bower, while a third, a mangy varmint, scurried to Joe's leg and, between the gouts of his laughter, when his belt was slack, dangled under the band of his breeches.

It was then Joe's turn at can-

tisters, and my turn to laugh. He had to take his breezes down to get rid of the mouse, for Joe wore bowman's crested hair which I knew why, by this time, and it was a good size, very few mice hit you below the belt when you were bowyways.

The 1915 mouse plague first originated itself in February of that year with whispering reports that miles by the million had invaded the wheat areas. During March and April there were increasingly accurate reports. By May the invasion had reached intense plague proportions. It was like that until the August—more like that until these mown-edged months.

The plague had to be seen and smelt to be believed. Though it is more than thirty years ago, I can still remember the stench of dead and living mice, rotting straw, grain, and hay, and the song of the vermin as the tattered feed we tried to eat. There wasn't an inch of country that wasn't disrupted by the pest.

At every railway station in the Wimmera, the Mallee, and Northern Victoria, and in large areas of New

South Wales and South Australia, big stacks of wheat stood begrimed and rotted, awaiting transport to the seaport for shipment to Berlin, which was food hungry even then, because of the First World War.

Here was the second line of armaments for the Empire—food for the fighting forces, bread for the parched soldiers, tolling for victory. In 1915, the worst year of the 1914-18 War. The wheat was abundant and victory, but there were neither the men nor the trades to shift it quickly to Australian ports and the U-boats basked along the sea lanes, awaiting such transports so we could starve.

A bad position, but on top of it, the vermin ate, too here was an enemy without—everlast, everlasting millions of mice, scuttling the stacks, gnawing the bags, gnawing on the precious grain till their fatigued bellies stretched like sausages skin. Wheat they did not eat, they belched with their excreta, and the austere acres already to be seen round their eyes, noses and mouths.

As the vermin borrowed, the barns rotted, and wheat extended out through the turn pits. The bare stacks began to shrug slowly till the round collapsed, exposing the grain to the rats of autumn's rain. That completed the flood. The barns were dotted with hill-like accumulations of broken wheat, ratite bags, and shriveling rats. Living and dead, to affirm the eyes and dampen the nose of all who must see and smell.

In this mounting mass men laboured. They tried to fight the insatiable hordes of pygmy scabbers to win the safety of grain that was the stuff of life and the hope of victory in Europe. Men raised that job, deserting farm and factory alike. There was big money here for those days. One pound a day—slaggy shells a day—the work went up as the load and the vitulence of the occupant increased.

Men even laboured, Mallee the mile, lifting the grain, rebagging, reworking. They laboured with the scabs in their nostrils, doing as unclean a job as has ever been undertaken. For their pains they became infected with the verminous sores—an infectious type of ringworm,

which crept slowly over their hands, their arms, their legs and their bodies. On the mice themselves, this sore is regarded by Elton, a world authority on mice, as a species of ulcerating syphilis.

The men who contacted the wheat took protective measures against the mice. The chief safeguard was a double row of galvanized iron built around each stack. Water traps were set at intervals, and baited traps were placed from stack to stack, so that the mice could get into it but not out. Once in, the mice were stampeded to the water traps and drowned.

Elton, in his "Voles, Mice and Lemmings" (published in 1918), estimated the damage at over one million pounds. Most of the grain saved was unfit for human consumption. Some agents in the Wimmera calculated that ninety per cent of the wheat grown and harvested from the plague in the district required conditioining. A number of horses fed an infected grain and hay died as a result.

As it was in the railway stacks, so it was on the farms. The houses, barns, stables, sheds, haystacks, and fields swarmed with mice. Everything edible from grain to hayseed and chaff had to be stored for safety against the vermin.

Driving along the red-earth, Mallee roads on a moonlight night with the air crisp and sharp with a coming frost, the first gleams about tickled the nostrils a mile from the housestead. At half a mile the smell was clinging and vaguely inviting. At the banquette gate, the stench was vile, and almost overpowering. You filled your lungs with its heavy clamour; you mortified it with your food, you laboured in the deathfulness, and you slept with its oblique darkness mysterious creased your body.

At night, when I worked with Joe to bed down the horses, the ground glittered with a myriad paleish, diamond eyes flashing brilliant in the reflected glow of the hurricane lamps.

We walked on a seemingly mobile earth—an earth writhing and quivering beneath our feet with swarms of scurrying grey bodies, an earth that

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

I made myself as lovely as could be
With every artful end I ever knew,
And eagerly waited that dark swain
Who saw my gray-green eyes were lovely blue.
I loved him more because my mouth her
To her was soft open golden loveliness,
And even more because he avere
That my two there was only one stone thread.
And yet I knew he said the most things
And spoke most interestingly he regarded—
I did not know he practised every day
Writing the questions that go on Xmas cards.

titled and burned as we walked, going in the heart of the Maltese, the unceasing repetition of first steps on the solid land after weeks spent on the swinging deck of a rolling ship. I'd expect no earthquake to produce a similar feeling of instability.

Each foolish brought disaster to the furred lands. They squashed their plaintive death note, as our heavy lobbed boom squashed on a carpet of squirming, soft grey bodies, and thousands of tiny rodents sought sanctuary in hundreds of tiny burrows already dug out by capacity by their more fortunate kindred.

With boat, stick and poison we hunted indiscriminately, slaughering thousands, and we found allies in assist in their destruction in every herd and heard, wild or tame, on the farm—except one. The hot drought horses stopped dead with brood, hoen-laid feet, the cattle slaughtered with cloven hooves, the dogs with sharp, snapping teeth, the birds of the air and yard dead, destruction with book and club, and even the dooks share did their part.

All animals fought with man, for

this was their fight for existence also, the mouse was the common foe of all the rest. And the sun, blazed, blazed, scorched with the both of its traditional energy, the moon, I slept, indifferent to the frost gambling before its eyes.

Nothing was safe from the breeding mice. A frosty lunched table cloth snatched through the corner, showed a dozen holes when spread. These were neatly darned but next morning, were chewed out again—these explosive mousies had found the new threat more detectable to the palate. However, in "The Field Paper" did not communicate the damage done by the rats.

Many of the Maltese houses were sealed and lined with paper pasted over keeling. The mice ate the walls and ceilings because they liked the flour in the paste. Strips and streaks of gnawed houses burst down the rafters, like the manuscript, written half at some derelict of civilization in the lowest floors of his desolation.

As the rats increased in numbers so the roaches grew in fantastic figures. Men counted first in tens,

then in hundreds, in thousands, by the thousands till full, by the hundred-thousands, and finally by the tens.

One farmer left possessed wheat overnight, next morning he tried after counting 35,000 dead rats. Another tallied 30,000 in one afternoon. These are authentic figures given by Blox, but they *disappear* in imagination when compared with one night's catch at 200,000 in number—and the recorded weight of the slaughter up to 11th June—351 tons, representing 32,000,000 dead rats.

That was the officially recorded kill, but it takes no account of the unreported outbreaks shown by every man, bird and beast in the 300 square miles of Victoria affected and the plague areas in New South Wales and South Australia, where, at Port Lincoln, for instance, even the swordfish swarmed with rats.

Whale protection of stocks was the main line of defense, wholesale culling was an important method of extermination. Of the till stumps associated with the plague, the plan for poisoning chosen goes to one credited to "Freddy" O'Farrell, a son of post, Bernard. Replaced at the helm of a particularly vicious circumstances that had no chance to produce even one kill, Freddy looked around for the reason. His explanation was: "I took a bar of soap on the floor, the little insects ate it as an aphrodisiac."

The plague descended almost as suddenly as it had begun. Nobody knew where the rats had come from, none knew where they went. They disappeared, though there was still plenty of food for them.

The mystery was explained in some extent by D. Murray, B.V.Sc., of Veterinary Research Institute, Melbourne University, in his investigations into the later plague in Victoria.

Writing in the "Journal of the Australasian Society and Industrial Research" for February, 1918, Mr. Murray favored the migration theory to explain the appearance of the rats. They were on an migr in one direction, following an advance party. They are not of local breeding, since very few young animals or pregnant

females were found, though these may have remained hidden in hibernation.

Though unable to give the place of origin, Murray discounts the suggestion that the Maltese Plague was the original breeding ground, the distance from there to the Maltese being too great for the mice to travel. A theory advanced in the Maltese "Argus" in the time gave the black rat plagues of the Wissara the doubtful credit of being the breeding ground, but the vermin does not agree with Murray's theory of one-direction, mass migration.

On the question of disappearance, Murray is more specific. He lists four factors of destruction:

1. As many as twenty mice crowded into one large house during wet weather, many died of suffocation.
2. Exposure to cold and rain in the field, mice being particularly vulnerable to both.
3. "Handsides" of wheat in stocks killed thousands in the collapse.
4. Disease.

Such plagues are neither new nor indeed as it goes. They have been known the world over, one of the most disastrous and widespread being in the Shandong Valley, China, in 1877-8, following similar outbreaks in 1855-62 and 1899-1904. The plague in Kansu, China, California, attracted world attention in 1900, and the abounding Australian plagues see those of 1811, 1817 and 1821.

Almost invariably, each plague follows a particularly prolific harvest. Such was the case in 1915, and the conditions preceding it to that plague are reproduced today. The Australian wheat harvest reached record production in 1914-15. In New South Wales alone, 57,000,000 bushels of wheat were harvested and, on one estimate, half a million apes did not reach the biggest stage owing to seasonal and other factors.

Over two-thirds of this harvest was stored in railway sidings and on farms in similar big stacks to those assisted by rats in 1915; for the New South Wales country sites can accommodate only 24,500,000 bushels.

THINX trees believe you call it "monkey-sneeze". It actually means something in the bad old days when men's wives were allowed to sleep with their husbands their children were born in the ship's sick bay. If the birth was difficult or taking up too much of the ship surgeon's time he accelerated the proceeding by giving orders for the surprise discharge of a twelve pounder. History records that children started into the world in this manner were known as "monkey-sneezers."

though the seaports can provide for nearly 1,000,000 bushels more.

Methods of protecting hopped grain have gone but little advance in these three decades, the first line of defence still being "visible" smoke and galvanised iron fences while methods of eradication have been virtually static since 1932, with one exception—an improved method of fumigation of beer stocks announced in the C.S.R. Journal in August, 1944. This, however, was directed mainly against weevil in wheat, though it is equally effective against codling.

The "middle" stock laboratory goods on post today were the subject of the tallied story credited to "Paddy" O'Dowd. He went into dinner quite satisfied with his newly packed seed wheat was safe. An hour later the pack exploded with noise, though no broken threads or straw gave the name a "binder" to the wheat. Pondering the problem, "Paddy" stood watching the "pocket" water drop to the ground, then with his own eyes he saw it—a mouse ran up the ship.

Most effective weapon of eradication in the field was the poison method adopted in Nevada in 1937-8. Phosphorous baits or baubles containing poison is considered the deadliest, but a strichnine mixture dropped

in the streams brought an eighty-five to ninety-five per cent kill, though it was an expensive and dangerous process, for the mice common in the Humboldt Valley totalled up to \$1,000 per acre of land.

In addition to the damage to wheat, the health aspects of a possible plague merit consideration. Elton Morrison and other entomologists agree that the magueum disease is transmittable to man. Mice are also high percentage carriers of a form of typhoid and dysentery liable to cause gangrene, pneumonia, and in connection with most eruptions, are prone to a blood poisoning like white staggers in calves. A plague of deer is a not infrequent symptom of a mouse plague.

An investigation of tobacco plagues 1932-33 by Dr. Julian Thompson gave a qualified appraisal of the mouse as a carrier of that disease, and Dr. F. McCallum, a Commonwealth Quarantine officer, while admitting that the mouse has not been really in that respect in Australia, points out that tests conducted in South Africa and in California show that the mouse could spread the disease.

One thing we have to be very glad about is the fact that the last plague didn't do damage as it was, did not bring with it some of the dread scourges of the pest.

The great plague of London was started by a man who came ashore from a ship on which there was a plague-infected rat and he became bitten by the rat. What happened as a result of that rat at历史上—a plague which took the great fire of London, and the destruction of a city to clear up.

The main source of infection was not actually the rats, of course, but a flea which had made the rat its home—so, in medical terms, the "host." Plague, as disastrous to man, has its origin in so small an insect—and the carrier of the insect is the rat or the mouse.

Truly terrible results ensue when man or rats get loose to large numbers and I shudder to think of the terrible results that could have followed from a plague of rodents sweeping across the country, shedding their little disease-cidden parasites. In our

time at all in any land such a spectacle would be "disastrous"—fiddle. Had that been the case in the Maize in 1936, its results would have still been agonising today.

Governmental authorities are non-committal on the peasant possibility of another mouse plague. They admit some, steadily in conjunction with M.T., they acknowledge that reports from certain parts indicate a semi-endemic prevalence of mice, but with so little known of the origin of the vermin in plague form, who can say that the census indicates neither furred invader?

Of course, should such a plague ever occur again, there are specific

ways in which it could be dealt with—and in the near future it will be a task to deal with such an emergency.

Already in America it has been shown that sound-waves of such high frequency that they cannot be heard by the human ear, provide a "death ray" that will kill a mouse in less than a minute and such rays could stop any plague at any given moment—from grandfather to, if it were possible, a plague of elephants.

But though the theory of such anti-plague measures is already known the methods have yet to be developed. But—if it comes, what are we going to do about it?

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



IT STARTED

this Way

The Holy Week of 1350 was in England damp and cold, and because of the inclement weather, the monks of St. Albans in Hertfordshire despaired to travel far, in addition to seas, hot spiced beers. On Good Friday, one of the monks received the buns with the Saviour of the Cross. The innovation appealed highly to pilgrims, and the custom was continued thereafter, spreading eventually throughout the Christian world.



Hsu Sung, a Chinese general who lived in 316 B.C. and commander of an army invading Shensi in hunting pursued his troops, during a full in operations, his troops became troublesome. In order to fill their leisure time, he devised a pastime called Chien-Chao-Hung-Ki, or "the science of the war". The game, in addition to keeping the troops occupied, accomplished buried battle moves. Today, we call the game "Chess".



Two hundred-odd years ago, there stood in Fleet Street, London, a tavern called "The Devil", the sign of which showed St. Dunstan pulling the Devil God's nose. When the lawyers of London visited the tavern, they invariably left a notice on their doors informing acquaintances of the fact. Thus was born the phrase, "Gone to the Devil".



William Lee was a man of Cambridge who, falling in love with a barmaid, engaged her against University Stooges. This being gone, but who tried to earn a few shillings by knitting stockings by hand. Lee watched her work, and compelled by the slowness of the process, produced a frame which expedited the work. So, in 1589, was made the first pair of stockings by mechanical means.



In 1829, Sir Robert Peel introduced an act forming the London Metropolitan Police Force. Costumes, marking a name for the men of law began to call them "bobbies", after Sir Robert—a title which later became interchangeable with "copper"—colored, it is said, because the policemen wore large copper buttons on their uniforms.



"I'm No **OUTLAW!**"

—Jane Russell

SLOW-EYED JANE RUSSELL, whose sultry beauty and well-advertised bosom caused great excitement when the much censored film, "The Outlaw", recently hit the screens, has been told, all Jane's entwined feelings were awakened when she saw Jennifer ("Bernadette") Jones in the second love scene of "Duel in the Sun". Jane says "The Outlaw" deserved her good name in the lead, and she's determined that such roles are never again for her.



"MY HUSBAND AND I are a clean-living, happy married couple," Jane says. This picture shows the pair raising the harvest of their own fruit trees. The garden in which they spend so much of their time has well-planted fruit trees and is their favorite playground.



OUTLAWS DON'T SING—but Jane and her husband are both fine picnickers, play and sing as the spirit moves them. Jane's husband, who dislikes his wife's "Outlaw" repertory, points out that Jane sings folk songs, has no liking for suggestive torch-singing.



PETS ARE BIG TIME in the house lots of the size. She says firmly that outside women don't spend much time outdoors. There is an old saying that if a dog likes a man he's O.K. Dogs like Jane.



NO BUTTERFLY, in Russell is rarely seen in the glittering Hollywood night spots. She entertains at home; her mother is a frequent visitor and enjoys the tasty dinners Jane herself serves.



TRADITIONAL MOVIE GLAMOR home does not appeal to this screen. Home is to be lived in, the honey old gas stove is a friend that helps Jane's cooking efforts. She is an ardent recipe reader, likes trying to make new dishes.



BEND DOWN SISTER! Jane says that diet isn't necessary to a good figure if you live a normally active life. But when you're working you've got to put some energy into it! And Jane sleeps that she lives energetically every moment of her waking day!

WHAT GREAT MINDS THINK—



About Women

Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,
Bonfires and soft-water the day after.

—Byron, Don Juan

BYROK:
Though women are simple yet wedlock's the devil.

(Hours of Illness)

DEKKER:
Were there no women men might live like gods.

(The Honest Whore)

SHAKESPEARE:
Men have marble, women waxes hands.

(Rape of Lucrece)

HENRY VIII:
As for women, though we scorn and fear 'em,
We may live with, we cannot live without 'em.

(The Wolf)

TENNYSON:
Men at most differ as Heaven and Earth,
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell.

(Merlin and Vivien)

ELKA CHASE:
All that continuous fast would not go on, and nothing more at all would be
woman or mad, if only man could make up their minds about woman, but
that will never happen.

(In Bed We Cry)

MEREDITH:
God's greatest blessing is, after all, a good woman.

(Odeon of Richard II Festival)

SIR WALTER SCOTT:
O woman! In our hours of ease
Unwearied, say, and how to please,
And sensible on the shade
By the light quittance often made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
& ministering angel thou!

(Marmion)

DR QUINCY:
She is a woman, that is saying the best and the worst about her.
There is no woman on earth like the laughter of women.

(Essays)



Casting for SWINE

The woman was a pouf—evidently the killer with his gun in hand knew that.

★ARTHURIN CUTTER

THE little man with the black, hairy nose watched the window below. The submachinegun rested tightly on the window ledge and the arm in the gaudy, black shirt was tense but steady.

So much she could see in the quick glances from her corner across the sunny courtyard.

But the younger man beside him watched her movements. So he gathered up the damp underwear, rinsed it, squeezed it and raised it again, listening and listening to catch any sound from the room below. Once she threw up her head and listened and her dark eyes were hazy with fear for pale face.

But the younger man at the window across the courtyard was watching, so she made as though to turn the hair from her face, and again plunged her arms into the bowl of water.

Outside, the courtyard was hot and still, the shadows cast sharp against the white walls and the stretched green of the vines.

Buddily the peace was shattered as the gun sent a burst through the windows below.

The girl's face grewed in terror. She stood for a moment, listening to the sharp stabs that followed the rattle of the bullets.

But from below there came no sound.

But in the listener's confusion before the shooting died away, the still left the window, slipped through the door and was down the narrow staircase.

As she crept down the corridor another foot took her by the throat. He was dead within—dead! His end



ILLUSTRATION BY GENE KELLY

Jacques, both dead! She pushed herself across the doorway and tried to clutch the bar from her quivering throat. God! Dear God! Not that!

She came almost to the threshold.

Someone, usually someone to stand and to comfort, whispered hoarsely, "Stop! For the love of God, stop where you are!"

She biffled against the hotel in joy and fear. He lived! Yet he remained there, trapped, ill.

"Paul, oh Paul, why are you still here?" She breathed the words so softly that no sound rose up to the dark, dirty man at the window above.

She liquid his gray. "Mirella! It is you!"

A low moan came from the room



She turned over now the passenger man ridge the man with the gun.

"Paul! Paul!" she whispered, but did not move. Still she stayed biffled against the wall. Years in the Underground had taught her instant obedience to her Leader. And was he not also her beloved?

Another voice came to her now thick with anguish:

"Mirella! Another ten seconds and we should have been away with him!"

"Jacques!" she blazed, "you have killed him."

"But the one was waiting—we had only to get him past the door—"

The girl repeated bitterly, "You have killed him, he should never have been brought here!"

"Mirella! Little sister," pleaded the voice, distraught, "remember he was ill and you could not care to him."

She sobbed suddenly. "Will be die?"

"No, no! God be present! A flesh went in the leg! But he is still weak from the sickness!"

She made no answer.

"The filthy name have watched the window passers them using the floor!"

"Can they see us if I creel to the door?"

"I think not, as also we were both dead ages long ago. The creel of the window passers them using the floor."

She could see, at the end of the corridor, an open doorway that threw

a patch of sunlight on the brickwork of the courtyard. Against this beam of light she lifted her eyes, throwing an irregular shadow across the smooth wall.

The gun crashed across the courtyard.

Muriel scattered from the doorway well.

"For God's sake, Mirella, don't draw their fire!"

She started, with her red lips twisted, perhaps at home, perhaps not.

"They are nowise my brother; and shoot at *themselves*!"

Again the call thrust her spirit toward the beam of light. But this time the shadow loomed over the sunlit patch much lower than before.

Outside in the courtyard was peace.

"They cannot see below half a mile from the floor, Jacques. I am going to crawl forward."

"It can do no good. But for the love of God, be *careful*!"

She came forward slowly over the boards. In another moment she had reached the doorway and lay there panting.

Paul's face was beside her now. She pressed her lips against his brow. "Hush," she murmured, "the ranged collar nearby."

He sighed deeply and his eyes opened.

"Beloved," he breathed, his lips against hers.

For one sweet moment the dagger was forgotten. She pressed to him.

Jacques, sprawled beside them, listened in misery.

"For us it is too late. But for you, Mirella—!"

She clung to him. "It cannot be, it cannot be too late!"

Her voice, so anguish, became too violent for safety.

"Thank, little one. You will have me now . . . But you will not forget our Cousin!"

She cried sharply against him. But he went on, more firmly, "This is our land. Here we shall make our home. You will remember Mirella."

Then his eyes closed. He weakened. Blood could slowly drain from his veins again. Jacques pressed a bundle of rags more firmly against the bruised, strained flesh.

Paul opened his eyes with an effort. He got his hand slowly away from his open shirt. His voice was faint. He was their Leader. This was the end. He took out a small file of papers.

"You will take these, Mirella. But they must not fall into certain hands. You understand?"

She nodded.

"You will leave me now. Take the one book to the hills. You will be safe there, you and Jacques."

For a moment his voice was firm, giving orders to his followers. Then he trembled a little and sought the girl around him closely. He spread his hands at the throat and cringed in the papers, hugging the soft skin.

And even as he did so, lying there beside her for the last time, in anguish and helplessness, the idea came to her.

She looked across at her brother, lying face downwards in despair.

He whispered, "Will they come and search for us?"

He covered himself.

"No. They have orders not to make a disturbance in the street. They have too few men to handle a riot."

A convulsive movement, and the man between them flung out again.

Jacques shuddered and sat at his side. "They were to wait for him here—and pick him off. I found out too late."

The girl's eyes spelt little flames of hate into the boy's tortured and

"I know it, Jacques," she reminded him bitterly.

"My God!" he whispered, "do you think it sweet wine to me, to feel has into danger, a sick man?"

Muriel edged his voice with anger. But she was not listening. She lay quietly, rocking her place.

"Afonor has already said he was safe, Mirella—" he pleaded.

She looked at him, a new light in her eyes.

"Then, you shall have those ten seconds!"

Suddenly she leaned over close to her brother and spoke rapidly in his ear. When he would protest, she answered sharply. "It is your only chance to save him!"

"And you?"

"They do not know me as a Mem-

ber. There is no danger for me." She smiled strangely.

Reaching the corridor, she stood silent and brushed the dust from her red peasant shirt, tucking in the bodice.

Then in her brother, wavering between hope and despair, and now out of her sight in the room beyond, she called softly,

"Remember, the moment you see the water fall!"

And then, quickly, she slipped up the stairs to the room above. She paused a moment to thrust the precious papers deep into her skirt pocket.

Leaving the room with a flourish of her skirt, she hurried a gay little tune and came towards the window. She leaned out.

She reached out her bare arms and caught the clothes-line suspended over the courtyard. From the pole she gathered up the pegs and, in full view of the window, threw them down over her blouse where the bodice fell apart.

Selecting the daintiest, prettiest garments from the pile of clean clothing, she leaned out again, pegs between her red lips gripped in her strong white teeth, pins between her soft white breasts, clasped in open hands.

As the younger man looked down on the pegged, dainty things on the clothes-line, he was scarcely thirty paces away, and she could hear his breath while between his teeth

as she leaned over the sill, plucking the pegs from her bodice.

The long line of his throat glistened in the sunlight.

Through half-closed eyes she saw the younger man swing the mace with the gun.

Her arms reached over and back again swiftly, one woman hating her brother the next, revealing a glimpse between the soft folds of silk.

For the first time the man with the gun took his eyes from the window below.

She turned the sharp points of his bodice.

Quickly she turned. One hand snatched up the head of water, the other flicked the last button of her blouse.

She turned towards the window again, held up eyes out down, both arms outstretched, covering the head.

The water splashed in a stream past the lower window. It splashed down onto the courtyard below.

The girl leaned over as though to watch where the water fell. As she did so the edges of her bodice parted and she felt the hot sun striking down on the white skin of her breasts. Yet, too, the hot heat in the eyes of the men seemed the豫豫.

And all the while the iron effects, twenty precious seconds were flicking by, and all the while the two men did not take their eyes from the girl before them.





HONOR or DEATH —

OR DEATH!

He was a hero to millions of women, but a end to the few who knew him.

★ RAMON MILLIS

A FEW weeks ago I made that picture about Matthew Flanders, Hollywood's greatest and most out-for-him. He took me along because I'd not pretty indispensable to him, and also he wanted to impress them with what a

bad shot he was by this country with a secretary-type-writer and all.

He figured he was doing a good turn for me taking me along with him and showing me the world, but I'd seen more of the world than he

CREDITS

Ballard's record fell out of his grasp and clattered to the floor.

knew until I'd been here in Hollywood before. Once in between shoots when I'd spent three months in Los Angeles. Sometimes I wonder if there's enough leather in the world to wash away the memory of it. I'd met a girl there. Her name was Mary Moore. She was in movies like a lot of other people were about that time, like Tom Mix and Leonid Kinskey and Pola Negri. She was sleeping all night, too, getting better and more important parts all the time. It was one of those fast look affairs for both of us. We were going to get married. But first of all I had to go back to Australia. My father had died and left me his dream sea, a

large pane of his fortune. She kept on calling, and I went home to claim the money. Ballard had gathered his savings up here. They fought the will, and what they called among us "the will," and tooth and nail. It went on months after months. Finally, I dropped it all and raced back to her. She'd had to stop going to the studio and I traced her to the hospital, where she'd had the baby. It was a girl. Ballard died having it. Her mother had come and claimed it when I went to see her mother, she never let me come and wouldn't listen. There was nothing I could do.

I sent her the money I finally got out of the will, and then I started

MEMORY LANE

Should add resonance be
forget?
The question goes unanswered
yet.
We've never missed the answer,
no,
My darling let us not forget
For though the days between us
stretch
Sorrowful and lonely all day
taught
I keep right on remembering
What you did to my heart!!

seen it bright and I left the twigs
Two very noble characters, Bellard
and I.

As I said before, when he sold
Matthew Broderick the picture they
made about him all over the world,
and Hollywood signed him up. He
took me along for the reason I have
already stated.

When we arrived a little Jew met
us. His name was Sam Wronsky. He
was short and fat, with shrewd eyes.
He had an array of countenances, with
long dark locks of hair that covered his
face with him from every smile except
smoking an cigarette or their hands. When
they were there I said, "What can
I do?"

Wronsky said, "Swanson? In the daytime already?"

Bellard answered, "He drinks to
fame." He's forgotten what it is he's
imparting. But whisky's cheap on
the nose so I pay him."

Bellard talked like that all the
time. I stayed with him because I
had no principles left. I took orders
from him like a Keesee. I said
nothing. Wronsky looked from me
to Bellard. Wronsky looked like he
had a few faults but he looked
after pretty well. He said quickly,
"Maybe a cup of coffee?"

I said, "Coffee's no good."

Wronsky told me quickly the next
place where I could get a drink.
As I went away I could hear Bellard
laughing.

Wronsky didn't know him.

They clashed in on the Phaedra
picture by making another one, in
which he had to gallop around on
horseback on the horse set at fancy
costume. In this one they gave him
a sword to swing around his head.
He sliced so well they put him in a
series of them.

He had to be taught how to use a
sword and he got to like it. Any
time you happened to walk around a
decorated corner of the lot you'd find
him and the expert instructors they
kept around the studio had at it,
clothing their bodies together. He
got to be pretty good and pretty
good of it.

They had a studio dinner one, and
they presented him with the sword
he'd used in his last picture, mounted

and inscribed. He'd got to own
another place besides his Beverly
Hills house now—a big stone place
perched above the rocks high up on
the coast. He hung the sword over
the mantel above the great stone fire-
place he caused wild horns over.
He'd practically become a feudal
lord. But me closer to live with.
There was another actor, a young
Greece refugee from the Nazis called
Kurtis Koenig. Bellard started off with
the studio about the same time as
Bellard, and he was getting to be a
big a romantic star. He played gentle
lovers—composers and poets. He was
getting bigger with every picture.
That was striking in Bellard's throat
and making it weaker for those
around him to get on with him.

I liked the Germans. Everyone did.

He didn't talk much. He'd escaped
from a concentration camp, but his
family hadn't. He heard later
they'd been killed. He was easily
as any man could be. Then I saw
him going around with one of the
studio's starlets—a young, golden-
haired, fresh-faced kid—and the
male-madines were staring to show
around his eyes again, and I and
everyone else felt glad.

Bellard still kept his hand on off
the screen. Since we'd been in the
place he'd had two girls bring suits
against him, and quite a few others
had been settled out of court. To his
face it made him the big dashing
hero. I saw him as something different
again. When I said what it was
he let me see and knocked me down.
I was drunk or I wouldn't have said
it. Next morning I apologized. That's
how I got . . .

We were living in the cafeteria
a couple of days later. Bellard was
looking around. Suddenly he said,
"Get that girl for me."

I looked where he was looking
and said, "That's Koenig's girl."

He said, "So what? You bigger than
Kurtis."

I said, "He won't like it."

He said, "Why should he? I don't
want her to get her."

He bent his head back down to his

place. I went on eating. I knew that
finished it for him.

I saw the kid. I told her Bellard
wanted to take her out and when
and where. I explained to her like
the long show-off always got me to
do. That Robert Bellard was a very
busy and important man and didn't
have time to even make his own
dinner. The kid was stunned by the
after. I could see that. She hadn't
been on the studio's payroll long, and
it was all new to her. She called
herself Gloria Marion. She'd come
out of stock from somewhere. Her
voice was breathless and she was
shy—shy when she told me to kiss
her she'd be honored to accompany
Bellard somewhere.

I felt a little sick about it. I decided
a drink would fit me. I was
leaving the cafeteria in search of it
when I ran into Wronsky.

He'd seen me with the kid. He
nodded after her. He said, "Lovely
girl, that blonde girl!"

I said, "Yeah." I was wanting that
drink bad. I made to go on. Wronsky
said, "A peach of the bunch for
Bellard!"

I shrugged. I said, "So what? You
folks have been telling him he's
the reincarnation of Don Juan so
long he's got to believe it."

Wronsky said, "It's not the re-
incarnation of Don Juan. I'd say
he's Hedinger Bonita. Even his
own daughter wasn't sets from her."

I said, "What's it to me? He pays
me good money."

Wronsky was silent a moment. I
didn't walk on. Wronsky said quic-
kly, "Don't you ever have a family?"

I said shortly, "No."

Wronsky said, "A pity. A great
pity I have a fine family. These
daughters, two sons. You want some
home and more than some time. It's
a great thing, a family. Everyone
loves one another."

I said, "What's all this to do with
Bellard?"

Wronsky said, "This kid hasn't got a
family—as me I wanted the kid
out. Her old grandfather was all
she had. She died last year. The
kid's twenty-one, as she's supposed to
be able to look after herself—but
she can't. Not against unless like
Bellard. Apart from all that, if she's
left alone the hell in places. It's

trying to make myself drunk enough
to forget. For a while I just drifted
I got a job in a cabaret bar, and then
one day when I was riding home a
hangover sure a big shot offered me a
job as his man—a gentleman's peniten-
tary, as they say. I took it and
drifted around from one to another,
finally winding up with the other
man—old Bellard.

Robert Bellard. There was some-
thing for you. The hero of the Aus-
tralian movies—the one that sold
more seats for its sponsors than a
Western professional wrestler. Once
I was with him at a place where he
was personally autographing his pictures
and we had a fight over way
out.

He wouldn't leave all his dogs, but
he did his best. I had to courage most
of the dirty little offices and then out
of them of short when the time came.
If I'd lived I know I'd never have
been forced doing a job like that, but
a lot in me had died with her. Any-
way there was nothing dirty about
the money he gave me. But when I
saw what he'd done to some of the
white-faced kids that begged me to
let them see him, even I lost a
little. But then I thought of the
money again and the agony I had
given through for a while once when
I couldn't get the beatiful benefi-

in her blood. Ha—"

I said, "Skip it. I need that drink." I pushed him aside and went and had it. But it didn't make me feel any better about that kid."

Kirton didn't like it very much then. I did. But it was different with him. He could show Bellard just what he thought about it. And he did. He'd made pictures about the company Meadehorns and had put them right on top. It was really threatening Bellard for the title of the author's nameless one mile bar-office attraction now.

The kid didn't seem to care, though. Said Bellard like a dyspeptic building and she didn't care about anything else. That suited Bellard, all right, but Kirton knew exactly how he felt every time they met too. The German took it like a gentleman, but if you looked deep into his eyes you could see the hate smoldering there for Bellard. That's what was between them—a deadly, unending, over-asserting hate. Most of the time sympathetic with Kirton.

But the kid was blind to everything but the fact that Bellard loved her, so—because he'd told her so—the hellened he did.

Sometimes when I thought of what he was leading the kid into I felt sick again. But then I reached out and poured myself another drink.

When this week-end came around Bellard and I sat, "We'll go up to Falcon Ridge for a couple of days. Just the two of us. I've sent the servants away for the week-end. I need space! You can get whatever I want!"

I wondered about that—in between drinks. Falcon Ridge was his big stone house high over the ocean. Bellard wouldn't let the guy go away as quiet weekends. I wondered if he was taking the kid along, but he said he wasn't!

I was in the bar I usually went to when Vassily came in. He had a drink now and again. He set slugs into me. Every time he saw me he talked about the kid. Maybe he thought I could do something about

what Bellard was doing to her. I wasn't listening much, but suddenly he said something that made me sit up in my seat. I turned to him I said slowly, "What you just said—my God again." He said it, looking at me kind of funny. I grabbed my glass that had it split in my hand. The bartender said, "Good God!" He began to agree with a captain Vassily said, "Man your herd!" I pushed them both aside. I went out of the bar and walked. When I'd finished walking I went back home and went to bed. I couldn't sleep, but I didn't pour myself a drink. I just lay there thinking about what Vassily had said.

When we got up there Bellard went around getting the place fixed up. Even though there was no one around to appreciate it, he liked to act as if the bar should sparkle. I had a chair in front of the fire, and set them, raising up the huge chimney. Halfway through the evening meal he started, "What's the matter with you? I could get more conversation out of a donut. You haven't said two words since we left town."

I said, "You wouldn't like what I'm thinking."

He snorted. "I never do. I can imagine how lovely your thoughts had to torture me. Just like all the others. I don't know why I keep you around me. Maybe because no matter what you think you always do what I tell you to." He looked at me hard. He said, "I wonder sometimes what you wouldn't do for money or whisky."

I thought, you fool, of only you know what I was thinking now you'd choke on those words.

He broke out in on my thoughts. He said, "Kirton's coming here tonight."

I stared at him.

"Kirton?"

"Yes."

"Huh?"

He snarled across the table at me. "We're going to have a little talk. Kirton and I. It's about time. We're cheap German bums. Three another leg on the fire."

I went slowly across to the fire. I was thinking this will stop every-

thing . . . I hoped that I was right

When the great bell at the big stone front door rang Bellard looked across at me. He said, "That'll be him. Let him in."

I went through to the den. It was Kirton, all right. His face was white and wet. It relaxed a little when he saw me. He knew that my heart wasn't in my hearing approached the kid for Bellard. He said in his accentual English, "I had to drive slowly. That road above the sea is very dangerous."

We were into the big room where Bellard was waiting. He was suppose a drunk. He looked across at the door. He said, "Come in, Kniss."

The German walked in. Bellard was looking at him with eyes narrowed like a cat. He purred, "Please our friend a drink."

Kirton waved his hand. He was very hard. He said, "I don't want a drink. What did you want?"

Bellard moved overly to the door. He turned the great key to in the lock. He pulled it out and moved with the speed of a rat to a side

swinging open in the wall. He threw the key in and slid the sash.

He turned around to look at Kirton. His face was broad, hot eyes glittering savagely. Kirton was staring at him. He said, "What?"

Bellard snarled, "I'll tell you what, you German — I've taught you how to fight to kill you."

He stood across to the fireplace. He jerked down the log mantel and unsheathed sword from above the mantel. He pulled down the other two swords that were crossed over one another below it and threw one of them aside. He headed the other one hill-first in Kirton. Kirton took it slowly. His face was white. He said, "Huh."

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Bellard snarled, "You German



died at your universities. You went to see, as I'm told. You didn't go to be entirely disengaged." He sprang forward and seized his sword against Kirton's. The German, white-faced in grim fury, flung his sword up and drove Ballard's away. Ballard sprang in upon Kirton, parrying desperately, two sword. The steel striking together made a harsh, ringing sound.

Kirton leapt, giving ground. Ballard's mouth was drawn back from his teeth like a wounded tiger's. He lunged viciously at Kirton. He snarled, "That's a dangerous road, Kirton, isn't it? You going to kill poor Kirton, and then who's going to carry your body to your car and drive it off the road into the water? Books make women like a sword."

The German said nothing. He fought back desperately. Suddenly he stopped retreating. His sword was flashing in and out like a snake's tongue. Slowly he began to force Ballard back. His sword was swishing through the air, and his feet were moving with the sure, lightning-quick, perpetual movements of a

master swordsmen. Kirton was beginning to crowd into Ballard's free. His movements were less purposeful—more hurried. Twice only a desperate parry kept Kirton's sword away from his face. He screamed at me, "Get behind him—hit him with something—cut him!"

Kirton moved so swiftly. His sword hit behind with that of Ballard's. He gave a powerful twist. Ballard's unmoved, maintained sword flew out of his grasp—a long sliver of steel. It clattered on the floor.

Kirton stood back from Ballard, gazing. He said, "Sometimes you did not know who I was my unrivaled champion swordsmen."

Ballard was standing back, staring at him. Suddenly he screamed at me, "Pick up that sword—get home!"

His free and ragged were better than his sword had ever been, and would have been a treat for his face. A dismaying mess.

Some twisted vanity in him made him believe that I'd stick now. After all, why shouldn't I? I'd done some awfully basic things for him.

But some twisted vanity in me re-

fused to be denied. I knew what I had to do.

I kept forward. I grabbed up Ballard's sword. I swung it. Ballard went back, brandish it before his face, screaming. But it didn't do him any good. The sword cut deep into his head. He hit the floor and lay there, blood making a show, black pool on the rug beneath his head. He was quiet now.

I looked across at Kirton. My voice sounded high and harsh. I said, "You going to burn that rag and then do with him what he said we were going to do with you. You were going to do that with him before all this started. I thought you'd stop me, but now I know you won't."

Kirton said shakily, "Bob—"

I told him what Vronsky had told me about the kid.

After a while Kirton said, "Oh." He didn't say anything else.

I went over and opened the mats and got out the key. I went outside and got out the car Ballard had driven up there in. I picked him up and took him out to it. I drove it up

the road a way, and then headed it over the side of the road. I jumped out before it reached the edge. When it hit the rocks down below it sounded like a steel factory being blown up.

I went back to the house. Kirton had gone down to his car. He said shakily, "What are you going to do now?"

I said, "Burn the rag as that big fire, wash the sword clean, and ring the cows. I'll tell them we were going up to the roadhouse a few miles from here along when it happened. He often used to go there. He used to take me along to show me off as his valet. I'll tell them I jumped clear—I picked his hand." I said, "Take care of the kid."

He said shakily, "I will." He drove off. I watched his tail-light fade away to the tiny glow of a cigarette-end in the night.

I went back to the house.

I guess you've figured out that what Vronsky had told me was that the name of the kid's mother, who used to act, too, was Mary Moran.



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT, No. 4

SPIKE JONES

interlude

Directed by
GIBSON

Wonder what's on the air
tonight . . .



Well well well . . . it is me!
"Cocktails for Two" . . . How
that number brings back
memories . . .



"A quiet intermission that over-
looks the review . . . time to
have a real cocktail for two
Ah, what a night that
was . . .



The moon was full and she
was in my arms . . . "My
heart goes racing, with an
anticipating feeling," the air
was fragrant with her perfume
our eyes tightened about her slim figure



"Any afternoon at five,
we're glad that we're alive" ♫
Alv . . . I ran my hand
over her golden hair
she looked up into my eyes
our lips met and . . .

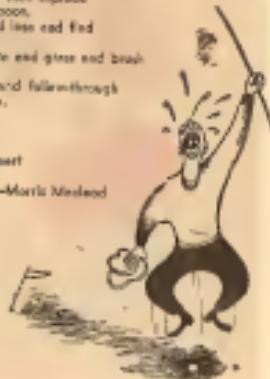
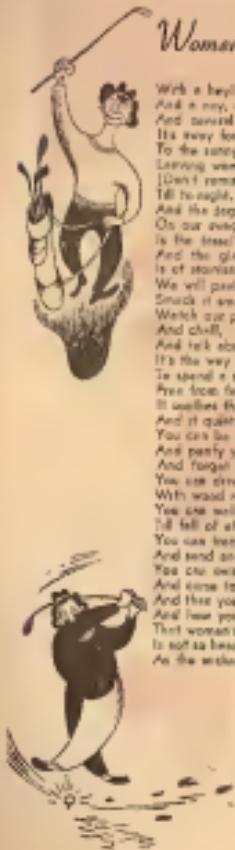


—
sangspider

Women Are Much Maligned

With a bawl and a bawl
And a hoy, sonny boy!
And several other exhortations of the most profound delight
It's away for the day,
To the sunny fields of play
Leaving women far behind us
(Don't remind us!)
Till to night,
And the dog
On our way
Is the bawlf of our tea
And the glamour that we shoulder
Is of roses-thatched roofs,
We will pass a blessed new pall,
Smack it squarely up the bill
Watch our partners, laugh,
And chaff,
And talk about our curving tools,
It's the way
To spend a day
Free from feminine control,
It warbles the fevered spirit
And it quiets the troubled heart
You can be queen man among men
And party your soul
And forget the wrong trifles by which women make you smart
You can drive and lift and then explode
With wood and iron and spoon,
You can walk and float and liss and fad
Till full of afternoon,
You can leap through mire and glass and brash
And bend and swivel glib
You can swing red dress and follow-through
And come to sole splendor,
And here you'll know,
And here you'll know—
That woman's why will
Is not a head or a martyr heart
As the wicked little pif!

—Morris Mead





The STORM SHIP SAILS *Forever*

In July of the year 1811 the "Blaechante," with two other ships, was sailing from Melbourne to Sydney. At 4 a.m. on the eleventh day the forenoon lookout reported a strange brig crossing her bows.

In a voice strained with emotion, the man called, "Flying Dutchman off the port bow."

To see the Flying Dutchman was to see Death.

In the log of the "Blaechante" it goes this way: "A strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow in the midst of which light the mast, yards and sails of a long dead craft lie strewn rolled in the ocean up."

There was consternation and fear aboard the "Blaechante." The officer of the watch saw the ghost ship from the bridge, as did the quarter-deck midshipman, as did ten others of the crew.

Yet when, moments later, awakened sleepers peered on to deck there was no sign of any material ship other than the two sailing with "Blaechante," and these sailed a long way off. It was a calm and clear night. The ghost ship had gone and gone in the space of two or three minutes.

Nothing happened to "Blaechante." At 10:45 that morning the man who had first seen the Flying Dutchman fell to his death from the fore-

topmost cross-trees and was, the log tells us, "measured to stow."

At Sydney the Admiral in command of the three ships died.

The explanation could be simple enough. Sailors were mostly still raw superstitious men. The lookout had seen the ghost ship and had believed he would die. In an over-weight suit, with his hand more on death than on his work, he had lost his grip and fallen from the cross-trees.

The Admirals' deaths would have died anyway. Ghost Ship or not.

The mysteries of the sea are many. Most can be discounted as pure phobia, but there are some things that cannot so easily be shrugged off. Far many of the apparent mysteries there are rational explanations.

Of all the stories, that of the Flying Dutchman is the most persistent. There are several Flying Dutchman legends. The one generally told being that of Captain Vanderdock, the violent Godless master who was condemned by the Holy Ghost.

Driving his ship around the Cape of Good Hope in the teeth of a tempest, Vanderdock stood on the bridge cursing like a madman and shouting defiance of the elements, God, and anything else he could lay his tongue to. His crew and passen-

LIFE in a haven is not all fun. One of the punishment cases of the haven of Hell's Hole was underground. It was dark, except for a glimmer from a hole in the roof through which a goat hung by a heavy square stone suspended on a thick rope. The victim had to work a trundle which moved the stone and kept it aloft as long as the trundle was in motion. The instant it stopped the stone crushed the condemned man to death.

men were less happy about things. At the height of the storm the Holy Ghost appeared on the ship's ledge coming down in a blaze of light.

Undismayed, Vendredieken drew a pistol and tried to shoot the Holy Ghost. The bullet went through the palm of his own left hand. Vendredieken tried to stab the Holy Ghost with the pistol but the arm was paralyzed.

Then the Holy Ghost pronounced judgment. Vendredieken who condemned to hell for ever, never sleeping, eternally pining to thirst and hunger. He would sail through the worst storms in the world and never make port until the day of final judgment. He should be a sign of misfortune to all who saw him on the sea.

Vendredieken sailed alone. The legend does not tell what happened to the crew and passengers on that voyage, after the judgment.

Since the earliest days of maritime record there have been reports of the sighting of ghost ships, too many of them to be easily dismissed. Nor do they have to be. Many of the "ghost ships" have been destroyed.

The singular wonderings of some dubious ships over the face of the ocean form a special section of maritime history. Take the case of the

Yankee schooner Wyer G. Sergeant, abandoned by its crew off Cape Horn, when believed to be in a sinking condition.

The Wyer G. Sergeant did not go down the quite same time. A few days after the abandonment she was seen by another vessel some 600 miles away from the spot where the crew had left her. Then she apparently rejoined her course, having later sighted in the neighbourhood of her original site.

It is estimated that the Wyer G. crossed the north Atlantic five times before disappearing altogether.

Imagine how many times she was taken by superstition ashore for a "ghost ship," sailing on with no human hands to guide her or set her sails.

A more recent case is that of the Governor Port, abandoned in October of 1888. She was sighted many times during the next year and was considered a genuine menace to shipping. Government vessels tried many times to take her in tow, but always Harvey was made fast impossible. Once she was set on fire and blazed for a few days but was later seen sailing on an even keel, with no fire burning. When she went to anchor last, however, many more times she was sighted, can only be a matter of guesswork.

Then there was the schooner Maribrough, which sailed from a New Zealand port on January 11, 1889. On board were 21 crewmen and a number of passengers.

Maribrough was sighted twenty-four years later off the coast of Chile. Her sails, spars, decking had all rotted away. On board were the skeletons of twenty people. What happened to her will never be known, nor will it be known how many other ships sighted her and left her alone thus close to death.

Most daylight sightings of the Flying Dutchman can be put down to the appearance of dimmers, or to the imagination.

This phenomenon occurs at sea as well as on land. In 1886, at the port of Hayle, in England, a local trawler was seen entering harbour with a Faro enter some way behind her. On examination it was found that

the trawler was there, all right, but no cabin could be located. And yet it was there when the police boat with the port constable on board went out towards it. The constable simply vanished when the police boat came up to it.

Many of the ghost ships of sea legends, which were sighted for a few brief moments and then seen no more, must have been reflections of real ships sailing many, many miles away.

Belief in these legends was often put to good use by pirates in the old days. Instead of robbing those boys were by way of being the first physiologists. If sailors wanted ghost ships, the pirates would supply them. So they used to spread nets near the ends of their ships, giving from them a distinct resemblance of old canvas seen this to the point of resemblance. Thus they would paint themselves an aridly disagreeable and half-coloured lights all over these ships.

All of this gave them the double advantage of easy approach to their victims and the fact that these victims were well scared in advance. At the moment of battle the sailors did not know whether they were coming with rats or demons.

There is an English "ghost ship" story to which some credence is given. The story here is romantic enough. Two men, one mad of a ship, see a sailor, half breed a girl from the town of Devil. The girl married the captain, and the wedding was celebrated on board ship as she made her way up the coast.

As the ship passed the Goodman Brandt fate put the helm into the hands of the disengaged sailor and he, in jealous rage, turned the helm so that the ship went on to one of the Goodman rocks. She went down, all hands were lost.

That was in the year 1725. The legend is that, every fifteen years, the ship reappears and goes on to the rocks again, sinks again. These were synchronous to the event in 1725, but no explanation could be made on the 1886 anniversary because of dense fog that lay on the sea that day.

Most fables and legends of the sea

are of fairly old origin, and new out of the ignorance and superstition of centuries in the days of old. It is a paradox that the brightest men, faced with the unknown as authors constantly were, became the most imaginative of them and the most easily scared.

The fantastic Flying Dutchman legend and many like it gained audience only because of the interest and superstition age in which they were originally circulated; but for many long years probably now, they were a secret terror in the hearts of all who sailed.

Dr. Archibald Jones in a chapter of "Journeys Round the Cape of Good Hope" in 1881, records that members of the crew warned him fearfully of the possibility of meeting the Flying Dutchman.

"Despite my knowledge that these absurd tales were born of superstition and fostered by abject ignorance," he writes, "I could not fail to be impressed, nay, even overtaken, by the impressiveness of their speech and the vividness of the picture they presented to my mind."

Fear and superstition were encouraged by the officers of ships and used as a way of the reason by which they kept men under control. A common threat was that, in certain circumstances, the Flying Dutchman would "get them." It sounds like something you would be foolish to tell children, but it often worked wonders where the sailors were concerned.

That the Dutch never far the worst aspects of the F.D. legend is no reflection on that people. To the British seamen of earlier centuries all foreigners were Dutchmen, and foreign ships were said to be reluctant to come to the aid of vessels in distress because of the trouble they would cause them. So the worst men in the world, the men condemned for treason to suffer the most hideous fate for their evil, was a "Dutchman."

But where is all this? This is the explanation for the ghostly ship undoubtedly seen by crew members of the *Bentheimer* on her voyage from Melbourne to Sydney in 1887.

Some sea legends can be explained very reasonably, but not all of them.

'murder' BY MAGIC



CRAIG RICE

Disposing of your enemies should be a private affair, these killing thoughts.

L OVE—" that easiest lawyer—detective, John J. Malone, once remarked, "love, like murder, does not always wait upon the consent of the victim."

Moreover, people who murder people are apt to think of murder as a strictly private affair. They believe, to quote Malone again, that "murder, like love, is the most intimate of human relationships, strictly a private matter between the murderer and the murdered."

This is a story about a man and a doll. I know—I'm sorry this isn't the first time that a man got into trouble by getting mixed up with a doll. This wasn't that kind of a doll. And it wasn't a paper doll, either, the kind that a man "can kill his own."

The doll that man got mixed up with was a magic doll—a wooden doll. To look at it, it was just a little rag doll and a cute one too. But it killed two people and sent a third one to the New Mexico State Asylum for the Insane.

It didn't look like anything special in the way of murder cases. Not at first. Just two poor people, obviously murdered, in a shabby, tumble-down shack in Arroyo, New Mexico, a suburb of Albuquerque.

One of the two murderers is a man of about 35, lay at the bed with knife wounds around the heart. The other, a woman between 45 and 50, lay dead on the floor. She too had been stabbed in the heart, and in addition the killer had knifed her breasts and ribs. The man on the bed was clothed only in his underwear. The woman was fully clothed except for shoes and stockings.

Robbery is not exactly what to understand. So is jealousy. But there were two things they pointed to something stronger and more unusual in the way of a motive. One was a doll that stood on a shelf in the dining room. It was dressed like a man, and it held a small pouch in its right arm. The pouch was made of two pieces of red velvet. The other, a bottle on the stove. It had some

juice in it, and on top of it lay a knife and fork, arranged in the form of a cross.

Any ordinary police officer might have shrugged off such evidence, or even failed to notice anything unusual about it. But it so happened that one of the officers investigating this crime was a man who was familiar with the ways of the Latin-American mind. He decided at once that the washroom angle was not one to be lightly dismissed.

It was Amendo Belits who identified the victims. He was on the scene when police arrived, and he introduced himself as a friend of the dead man.

"Yes, Montoya and I have been friends for about a year," Amendo told the police. "He works on the Plaza ranch, about fifteen miles from Albuquerque. I found Montoya and his son dead when I arrived here this morning."

Amendo also volunteered the information that Jacobs, the son, was married. His husband, Alfredo Basco, was a travelling salesman, he said, and he had seen him only a few hours.

Outside the house the officers found other, less supernatural traces. Footprints marked the house, one set made with ordinary men's shoes, the other set made with cowboy boots. You could tell by the high heels. And fifty feet from the house, in the high yard near a children's house, they came upon evidence of witchcraft again. A freshly dug grave. A small one, only sixteen inches in diameter and about nine inches deep. Just big enough to bury a small doll—and the it up again.

For that, as this showed police officer knew, was part of the voodoo ritual.

The voodoo doll is made when a person wishes to bewitch someone. It is called "the Devil." When you want to bewitch somebody you get hold of the intended victim's ceremonial perfume or a lock of hair. Then you use these things into a small pouch and tie the pouch to the Devil's arm. Then you dig a grave and bury the Devil, together with some "hot" words.

Checking on the witchcraft angle,

detectives were told out at the ranch where Montoya worked that a man named Teek Belcliff, one of those foot-loose "See America First" visitors who was touring the country in a kind of covered wagon civilization, had told of picking up a trichuker who kept saying he was bewitched and had to get to Albuquerque right away. Belcliff had held the bunch belief that the man was short, slight and had a dark mustache, that he picked him up at Laguna and brought him to Albuquerque.

This description did not fit Alfredo, nor anybody else as far known to have any connection with the case.

That was how officers stood when detectives, having found Alfredo Basco, brought him in for questioning. But he was sorry about Joseph, but he was sorry too.

As to his whereabouts on the night of the murders, Alfredo was first and easiest. He was in Santa Fe on business, without spouse and child, until he had slept that night in a Santa Fe hotel. This story Alfredo stuck to, even when clerks of the hotel said they had no record of his visit.

For the time being, anyway, the police had one suspect in custody. But now another suspect vanished. "Marty" Marcus, a hired hand who had driven Montoya and Basco on the Albuquerque evening before the bodies were found, and was presumably the last person to see him alive.

With bad dolls and vanishing suspects, this case might have been a trying one for the police, but officers began to look up again when detective working the area around the murder house turned up a bundle of bloody clothes. They had found the bundle in a deserted shack on the edge of town, about a mile from the Basco house. There was dirt on the floor, and the detectives reported finding footprints in the dirt, footprints of everyone but the ones found in the backyard of the Basco house. And that wasn't all they found. On a small, three-legged table was a jar of water and a crudely-made cross of wood. Witchcraft again!

The bundle of bloodstained clothes was opened and examined. It contained

I used underwear, a shirt and trousers and a pocket knife with a blade five inches long. The revolver, weapon. There were also the footprints around the house, the prints of these, one showing boot-spurts and the other set plain raised shoe-prints.

It was the story of Gladewater all over again with a difference. As it turned out, there were too many glove slippers, and too many Candidates. The plain man who prints out the stories of Alvarado Batista, the young man who had been so helpful in identifying the wanderer when the police first entered the room. But in spite of instant disappearance in his first story, there was nothing to his name to the crime.

Neither of the glove slippers fitted the other Candidates that the police had in custody, Alvaro Rios. Not did a fingerprint on the window sill fit him. But there was now evidence that Jesus had recently gotten a place board in another town to be bothering her, and someone check and reported that he and Jesus were set married at all. Jesus, it seemed, was still married to a man named Ignacio Gondalena, who lived in Winslow, Arizona. They had been separated a long time but never divorced.

"How did you feel that night?" Alfredo asked when police confronted him with the facts but he admitted it was true. "Tee it's over all right," he said. "I loved Jesus very much and she loved me. But she could not forgive this man, an American. She said it was not her Mexican love and she would hex him. But the spell ran low. When he died then we could be married."

And according to Batista's story, that was just what Jesus did. She put the hex on her husband, Ignacio Gondalena, but black magic takes care and Batista was getting suspicious.

"After a while I began to get mad." Alfredo went on to tell. "This man is American, did not die. I kept telling Jesus I wanted to marry her. I told her that many times. And then she got mad and told me she'd get the law and make me stay away from her."

From Alfredo police got the name of the hotel where Ignacio was staying

Arizona police on seeking inquiries found he had left Winslow and after trudging the road for a time they last took of him entirely, but they'd managed to obtain a description of him. He was about five feet ten inches in height, slender, had dark wavy hair and wore a mustache. That was a perfect description of the man that Jack Herald, the cross-country traveler with the covered wagon had picked up at Laramie and brought to Albuquerque. The man who kept talking about being buried.

It was Ignacio all right, but time had passed, and now the road was cold. There was only one really good possibility of finding the wooden railroad box. If the same desperadoes that had driven him to kill would now have had to return to the scene of his crime or at least to the wooden village and the wooden cross in the deserted house on the outskirts of Albuquerque.

And that was exactly what happened. Ignacio was picked up that very night by the guard stationed at the deserted house, as he was starting to crawl in through an old broken window.

And he was still wearing the cowboy boots.

At first he denied all knowledge of the crime, even when shown the blood-stained clothes and the pocket knife. But when they took him to the wooden house and confronted him with the dead girl, the big winds and the knife and work in the form of a cross he broke down and cried out in mortal terror.

"Please! Please don't make me look at those bones. I killed them!"

After killing Jesus he turned and saw Montoya standing in the doorway doorway.

"I hated to do it," Gondalena said. "But I knew that was my only chance to get away. I grabbed her."

And what about the Devil?

"I dug it up from the backyard," Ignacio went on to relate. "I was afraid to destroy it as I brought it back to the house and set it where you found it. I know I'd feel better."

At an insistence having Gondalena was declared insane, and committed to the State asylum near Los Vegas.



"Will readers please pass the sugar?"



CUT-THROATS' HEY-DAY

A massacre that horrified the world and gave the English North America

"**T**HREE first native-born Americans in enter received history's sharpest destruction through a massacre that horrified all Christendom. Yet it is because of the butchery he directed that the inhabitants of North America today murder the English, instead of the Spanish, Indians."

Long before any Britisher thought of settling at Jamestown, a Spanish fleet sailed up the Potomac River and dropped anchor within sight of the spot where, later, John Smith is reported to have first impaled Angl-Spanish culture into the Indians. The fleet carried a force of Spanish cut-throats intent upon adding that part of the New World to the Spanish Empire.

Admiral P. Mendez was skilled in such matters. His technique had never failed. Instead of making war

on the native Indians, he converted them to Christianity, using a number of ingenuous devices for the purpose.

First of all, he sent missionaries with gifts, to win the natives' confidence, and to learn their language, so that they could detect any treachery among them. Being around the Indians, they could not fail to find heretics, and they handed the most suspicious of these over to Mendez.

What was then done to the heretics made a deep impression on the remaining Indians. Their past, savage ways had never convinced Indians so refined. Small bits of various bodies were slowly—very slowly—torn apart. Their screams and their shrieks remain, which still quieted with unquenched life, made savage converts of the surviving savages.

The next step was a masterpiece of direct logic. When the natives had

all submitted to the will of Mendez's God, he revealed that this God, like their own God, had appointed the King of Spain to rule over them. God had given the King of Spain all their lands. They must all become slaves of their Spanish masters. To assist enforcement was defiance of a Divine Decree—it was heresy, and they had seen what happened to heretics. Mendez' method had never failed.

On the banks of the Potomac, he and his massacres were welcomed with great hospitality. The chiefdom of the Algonquins sent his own son to meet them—a handsome young savage who threw the Admiral complete off balance by addressing him in perfect Spanish.

The young Indian was so extremely charming that he won Mendez's affection. The savage explained, with naive assurance, that the God of his tribe had bestowed the gift of tongues upon him. The Spanish massacres were quick to infer here that there was but one God—the God of the Spanish and that his deity was a creation out of Hell.

The young Indian apparently accepted both reproach and appeal with those which upset the Spaniard. But the really important thing is that the missionaries, and their devout Admiral, themselves believed this nonsense. If they had not believed it, no doubt they would have looked further into the matter. They might have discovered the remorseless Spanish noblemen who treated meatily with this Indian tribe, reduced to bone, and who from side oven, was observing the conference between the Indians and Spaniards.

Of course, Mendez knew of the Indians in Mexico, years earlier, that had brought a certain young nobleman into slavery. In Mexico, when a Spanish nobleman lost favor at Court, he was thrown into a dungeon. There, in the approved manner, he was quickly poisoned after which an honorable herald made everyone hush—except the dead nobleman.

This particular Spaniard did not want to be gassed and poisoned. He had disappeared without a trace, and for Admiral was to blame, when it

were too late, that the noblemen did not perish in the forum, but that he presented the North American Continent as far as the Potowmack River, where the Algonquins worshipped him as a God.

The Indians as yet in the chief-mani's sun placed the Spaniards in an awkward position. Naturally, they did not suppose that they had come to reduce the Indians to slavery. Instead, they announced that they wanted the Algonquins Indians to enjoy the blessing of the True Faith. To their dismay, the young Indian spread.

He insisted that his people certainly must enjoy these blessings. Further, he yearned to convert them himself. He was their future ruler. As such he could bring salvation to them more effectively than anyone else, and he would be in a position to enforce obedience to their new God. All that he required was proper instruction in the Faith. Mendez must take him away, in a city of Christians where the High Priests of the Spanish could instruct him. Then, when he returned, the souls of his tribe would be saved, and the glory of Spain exalted.

The massacres were disappointed to detect no heresy. The stupid anti-theists grumbled, as they locked their books in silence, and the experts in torture were openly discredited. It was awkward, but as often as handsomeness could not be rejected.

They combed themselves with the knowledge that their God would come. No matter how willingly a man might except these teachings, heretics were sure to appear when they were called upon to submit to slavery. Then, the wages would gradually turn out offending tempo; then their small powers would increase, a little by a little, and testified after another; then at last, they would proudly demonstrate their defiance for stretches even till the human flesh blister.

Mendez took a broader view of the matter. That continent, he knew, was vast and rich. If this accomplished savage Indian were properly handled, he could be used to win all North America for Spain.

So the savage went to Mexico and, as a trinket, he became the Prince of Acapulco. In a great cathedral, he was christened Don Loran, and was enthroned royal ruler. Because he learned with great speed, and accepted dogma without question, he became the darling of his religious instructors. Because he excelled both at dancing and at love-making, he became a favorite of the Spanish nobility. He went to Spain where he was honored by the Court, favored by the King, and where, in turn, he engendered numerous offspring without marrying anyone. In consequence everyone agreed that he was now fully equipped to instruct his people.

It is doubtful, of course, if the young Prince of Acapulco was a sincere Christian. On the other hand, it is certain he was an American. Certainly he was a bar of some nobility. He set off again armed with his description of the famous golden orb of Acapulco, on which noble and gracious names were inscribed in gold, only because pure gold needed strengthen-

ing. With fine disdain, he patronized the greatest nobles of the Spanish Court, as he compared their world cities with the plebeian Acapulco. Neither Hollywood nor Horst has been able to match his dizzy heights of human living. And he assumed an unbridled lust with a fervent religious devotion. It is no wonder that riches and titles were showered upon him.

When it came to the point of returning to Acapulco, of taking back to his own people the blazon of Spanish culture, the Prince departed. He held back, and he fell into instant disfavor at Court. He knew what that meant. He knew that it meant a damned person, and death. In addition, he knew what to do. He took to the woods.

He disappeared from Mexico last and from history. After a few months of wandering in good health and high spirits he reached a French settlement in Florida. The chief business of these French was to worry, to rob, and to snuff. Spanish ships loaded with treasure

he knew that the Spanish were preparing to way out that nest of pirates. Before long, his old friend, Admard Mendez would lead a fleet against it, as Don Loran pretended to be a friend of the French. He "spared them about," and lived with them, all the time apprised of their fortifications and the secrets of their arsenals. He learned that the fort could be taken only if it were approached through a treacherous swamp. So he learned all the secrets of the swamp.

As the Spanish fleet approached, Mendez and his forces fled the ship. On the advice of Don Loran, the Spanish landed a few miles away from the fortress, and, in the dead of night the Prince led them through the swamp. He had even procured the keys of the arsenal, and he opened it to them.

What followed was in the best tradition of colonial warfare. The Spanish crept on their unawares like wild beasts. They cut their throats, they hacked off their heads, they dismembered and disembowelled them. They operated on the Commander of the fort with speed and, but they spared the lovely blonde who shared his bed. She stood naked and terrified, and watched her paramour being hacked to pieces. An over-worked dag at his eye or cutlass exploded his entrails, the brave Spaniards forgot the crushing carnage and the filth.

Blood streaked the floor of every dwelling. It streamed from every bed, and, of all the French only three men escaped to the woods and remained alive.

The Prince of Acapulco was a savage who, we may assume, would enjoy slaughter on that scale. But having preserved the guard, he let others do the actual fighting. In fact, it was he who escorted the little French blonde to the safety of the forest. He admired her beauty and he had heard that she possessed a surprising variety of enchantments.

Years afterwards she exceeded her version of the fall of the French fortress. She made it embarrassingly

true that while threats were being uttered, the general was according to custom engaged in amorous liaison. Jimenez was employing himself very thoroughly in the woods nearby.

This exploit re-established the Prince in favor of the Spanish Court. He returned to his former grandeur, and was soon sent to the King of Spain. But now the question of converting Acapulco to Spanish slavery was put to him and he was there was no answer.

So the American became converted by the suggestion that he was trying to escape or to evade his duty. He was given in earnest his people to convert. He wanted to act well at once. Further, he demanded that a dignitary of the Church should accompany him to be enthroned in a Gothic cathedral, in the chief city of Acapulco.

Don Loran's captives had laid these around him. A Bishop a man of great wealth, was assigned to the expedition, along with six priests and

three dubious nuns. They took with them the usual armament of threats and skilled executioners.

The brother natives welcomed the Prince with wild enthusiasm. They received him friends with affection and respect. To be sure, there were no fine cities to be seen, no towns of any kind—only virgin forests. In every other regard they were friendly.

Without exception the people agreed to embrace the true faith, on that Prince's advice. After they had been baptized, they built a temporary chapel, and the sacraments were celebrated without any lack of frenzy. Once again the soldiers kicked their backs and the executioners grumbled.

The Indians provided their guests with everything they needed. Already winter was setting in however. The Potomac was freezing over. The fleet would be trapped. So, on the advice of the Bishop, the fleet sailed away to return in the spring.



with means of dealing with any heresy that might develop in the community.

In that moment that the shins with their implements of death and torture, had gone beyond recall, the Prince of Ayacucho spoke again to his people and soon they obeyed. They stripped the priests' hats of all food. They removed every ear, every limb except nosebridge by which fuel could be cut, or food prepared. They left the priests to starve—and at the mercy of a bitter winter.

Don Luis possessed some of the tools by which civilized Spaniards tortured their victims, but he made the most of the means at his disposal. The Indians ate roots and wild berries, they shivered in constant misery, they saw sun, moon, fingers and tree trunks and mortify.

When they were at the point of death, the Prince released. The tribe prepared a feast. With a great show of repentence, they placed the food before the starving men. Overcome, the Bishop burst into tears of gratitude. He stood up to receive the curse he had pronounced on them. As his fingers were raised, falteringly, the Indians seized him. They saved the priests. They saved the novices—except one who had found a friend in the forest, and was no longer of the clerical party.

I am not permitted to describe the revolting maladies the savages inflicted. They dealt with the novices one at a time. They worked slowly, in the supposed Spanish fashion, while the horrified Bishop was compelled to look on. The Prince, too, looked on. He had returned to memory but now he wore a smile of forced amusement, learned from Spanish Grandmothers when they watched the tortures of locusts.

All this was recorded in scrawling dicto, by the novice who escaped. He escaped because that romantic Spaniard, who had taught the Prince so much, was still living among the Ayacucho Indians; and because the boy had golden hair, a pure soprano voice, and was extremely complacent. The newest of the party leafed, the old report had noticed the fresh cheeks and blue eyes of the novice. Even while the chapel was being built, he

got a masonic to the boy, and reached an understanding. The two were together, safe in the woods, while the massacre proceeded.

In the spring, the Spanish fleet returned to claim Ayacucho, but, in all the wild forest, only two human beings were to be found. Don Luis had led his tribe across the Rio Ruidoso Mountain to a new home. There remained, to greet Manzanares, only the sweat-winded novice and the aging Spanish vagabond.

The Admiral recognized the bitter old rope, and he realized then that he had lost his lead for North America because, throughout, he had contended against an adversary he could not see.

SURELY the escapee was a nobleman. As such, his rightful place was at Manzanares' table, and the disguised gentleman took his place. After all those years in the wilderness, he still displayed the graceful charm of a Grandee. His manners were flowing, as Manzanares placed wine on the table. And then, deftly, unseen by the Admiral, he reversed the glasses.

Manzanares did quickly, without sur-

prise. Many years were to pass before the famous John Smith, because of his white skin and the bad reputations white skins had given the Indians, was at the sacrificial site, about to lose his life, when Pocahontas, with an uncharacteristically delicate mouth, dashed forward to save the brave man's life.

And it was from that action that the Redskins learned that all whitish men aren't out to enslave them. They respected Smith.

They began to get an understanding that the British weren't dividers, murderers and rapists. They began to give the white man room.

The crude may say that if the white man hadn't been given room, he'd have taken it. He may say that the Indians lost their pristine aggressions. But they didn't lose their rights as human beings.

The difference has made North America a British possession, instead of a Latin land—a difference the importance of which cannot be overestimated in assessing the world position now.



"People tell me I'm wooden-headed!"

RADIUS SUNSHINE HOME

Cavalcade's first Radius Sunshine Home occasioned so much favourable comment that a second suggestion on similar lines is here presented. The general principle is that the house is planned on a radial curve facing into the sunshine. By this means the sun is brought into the principal rooms for the greater part of the day.



THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 44)
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



Large windows occupy most of the wall spaces on the sunny side of the house, with wide, protecting eaves and extended porches to afford protection during the hottest months. The general sweeping lines give the house a pleasing appearance which is modern in the extreme. The flexible shape makes it possible to place the house on almost any portion of the building lot, varying it to suit the width of the land and the needs of the occupants.

In the perspective sketch the house is covered with a roof that is almost flat, and this is probably the next satisfactory from the point of view of appearance. However, the use of a more conventional type of roof does not offer any great difficulties.

The plan of this house is simple and straightforward. The entrance door is placed in a recessed porch, to give protection from all weather. It opens into



a circular hall, which provides direct access to the living room, the two bedrooms, and the bathroom. The bedrooms are fitted with simple built-in wardrobe spaces and the equipment in the bathroom is in keeping with modern standards. There is a separate shower room.

Double doors, or a wide arched opening, lead into the living room, a feature of which is the sofa-circular and this incorporates a recessed fireplace, while windows from floor to ceiling take up half the wall space.

The dining room adjoins the living room, and can become part of it for entertainment purposes. The kitchen opens directly off the dining room. The sketch on this page shows a portion of the kitchen which incorporates new features shown here for the first time in Australia. These are sloping fronts to the under-counter drawers, which ensure knee space as well as toe space, and sloping upper cupboards, which provide more headroom over the working space.

The plan as shown can be accommodated on land with a width of 66 feet. The total area is 15 squares, so that at the rate of \$100 per square, the building cost would be \$1,500.

ChromoDays

LIFE WITH FATHER

starring
IRENE DUNNE
WILLIAM POWELL
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
EDMUND GWENN
ZASU PITTS

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**

From the Original Play by
**HORACE LINCOLN &
RUSSELL CRUISE**

Credit: Oscar Award® Stage Production
Screen Play by Oscar Award® Screen
Writter by MacKinlay

ON THE SCREEN!
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

SEE IT! THE BIGGEST LAUGH EVER

LIGHT WORK

THE GADGET doing the incomparable job on the breakfast eggs and bacon is an Iowa Red Lamp. Its apprenticeship as a body healer ended, its therapy has spread to the home where it beats many of the cuts in time inflicted by the day's work as well as simple修復。The eggs and bacon cook in a few minutes to excellent perfection. (GM Red) We paint ours out with this work lightener that dries paint within a few minutes.



USED FOR BEAUTY the infra-red lamp takes away the ache from strained muscles and is versatile enough to help work up a quick run-in at the beginning of the bathing session. Infra-red "sun" bathing as it's come to be known is a phrase "good for you".



NO MORE WORRIES about time to dry the crowning glory. Baby girls can wash the tresses at night, and dry them quickly and thoroughly with the lamp that cooked the breakfast.



THE GADGET ITSELF gets its heating power from these six simple parts that make up the bulb. It can be plugged in an ordinary current to become your household sun—a lamp of a slave!



IT'S USEFUL TOO—For the manicure that gives you that well-tended look, call in the lamp. It makes a perfect job of drying your lacquer in less time than it takes to paint a single nail.



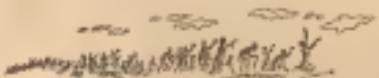
DEFROSTING THE FREEZER is a five minutes chore with the lamp held a short distance from the freezing vest. To add class to it has been successfully used by thawing out our冰箱 for my birthday.



EVEN THE DOG has his day with the lamp. Both day is no longer a once-nightmare, he dries from a short application of infra-red rays, which also kill fleas and keeps him free from other parasites.



MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



IT has been found that methadone, a potent new synthetic substance, for morphine, which has recently come on the market, can cause addiction or drug habit, just as morphine itself can.

PROSPECTS for cure of lymphoid tumors, which are a kind of cancer, by X-ray treatment, are bright. The X-ray treatment is used to shrink the tumor, relieve pain, and if the disease is in the early stages, can effect a cure.

VERTIGO, a disease resulting frequently from disease of the middle ear or organic brain disease, has been relieved by the use of streptomycin, the cold chemical which has proved a valuable remedy for many infections.

GERMS from the sun may become future weapons against cancer. It has been found that certain crude petroleum hydrocarbons are among the chemicals which cause bacteria to decompose. Experiments are now being carried out.

A NEW synthetic drug which holds promise of relieving slight suffering of asthma-suffering persons has been reported by Dr. Milton M. Bernstein of San Francisco. The sedative effect of the drug, and its ability to check wheezing, shortness of breath and coughing enables the patient to get a good night's sleep.

A CHEMICAL extracted from logwood trees, hemastatin, used

with legumin, may prove helpful in treating atomic radiation sickness and certain blood disorders. Experiments have not yet been completed.

BACITRACIN, one of the new antibiotic chemicals of the penicillin class, will soon be on the market. Bacitracin was used at first to treat surface infections by local application, but has now been purified so that it can be safely given by injection in cases where the infection has spread beyond the local area and is involving the body generally.

GERMS of athlete's foot and various other fungi and parasite pests which cause disease in man, were knocked out with toosanil, a new antibiotic in the family of antibiotics, made by peeling juice from leaves and stems of the impatiens plant.

BACITRACIN, a germ taken from a bodily infected leg wound, yields a disease-fighting chemical effective against boils, carbuncles, styes and ulcers.

A NEW drug, dibenamine, and penicillarin may be effective in averting death from shock following severe bleeding.

IT has been found that vitamin D is a dangerous preparation in the hands of untrained persons. No properly used vitamin D preparation is safe from producing kidney damage, calcium deposits and other bone symptoms unless the substance is given under medical supervision.

THIS IS NOT A CASE. It is a special tester where the infrared rays are subject to severe tests in an air-conditioned room while a trained scientist makes careful note of results.

The Bishop's Wife

STORY OF THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN FILM,
STARRING GARY GRANT AND LORETTA
YOUNG, RELEASED BY R.K.O. RADIO
PICTURES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL SEUSIN.

WHEN THE BISHOP'S WIFE COMES HOME LATE FOR A COMMITTEE MEETING, SHE FINDS THE MEETING HAS ALREADY LED TO TROUBLE. THE BISHOP WORRIED...

SO SORRY I'M LATE--



I FEAR, BISHOP, THAT I MADE A GRAVE ERROR IN JUDGMENT WHEN I HAD YOU MADE A BISHOP / YOU'RE INEFFECTIONAL /



SINCE WEALTHY MRS. HAMILTON USED HER INFLUENCE TO HAVE HIM MADE A BISHOP, HENRY BRIGHAM HAS BEEN HORRIFIED. HIS PLANS FOR A NEW CATHEDRAL HAVE GONE ASTRAV. HIS HOME LIFE IS SPOILED BY HIS OVERWORK.



DINNER IS INTERRUPTED BY A PHONE CALL REMINDING HIM THAT HE HAS ENGAGEMENTS TOMORROW, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO TAKE HIS WIFE OUT.



A STRANGE MAN COMES UNSEEN INTO THE STUDY, AND SAYS HE WAS INSTRUCTED TO COME IN ANSWER TO THE BISHOP'S PRAYER, TO HELP OUT--



IN AN EFFORT TO RECAPTURE DOMESTIC HAPPINESS, THE BISHOP PROMISES THAT TOMORROW HE AND HIS WIFE WILL LUNCH AT AN OLD FAVORITE HAUNT.



WORRIED SICK BY OVERWORK AND THE PROSPECT OF HIS MARRIAGE BREAKING UP, THE BISHOP IS ALONE IN HIS STUDY--



THE STRANGER SAYS HE IS AN ANGEL AND HIS NAME IS DUDLEY. THE BISHOP REFUSES TO BELIEVE HIM.....



WHEN THE BISHOP'S WIFE
INTRUDES, THE ANGEL
INTRODUCES HIMSELF --

I'M DUDLEY YOUR
HUSBAND HAS ENGAGED
ME TO HELP HIM -----



HAVING REFUSED TO PROVE
HIMSELF BY WORKING A
MIRACLE, DUDLEY DISAPPEARS



THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
WHEN THE BISHOP EXPLAINS
HE CANNOT TAKE HIS WIFE
TO THE PROMISED LUNCH
SHE IS ANGRY. DUDLEY
WALKS IN QUIETLY,
WITNESSES THE QUARREL.

I'M SORRY, DARLING, BUT
THERE'S A CON-----



THE BISHOP SUGGESTS
THAT DUDLEY WORK A
MIRACLE TO PUT EVERY-
THING RIGHT, AND DUDLEY
ASKS PERTINENTLY-----

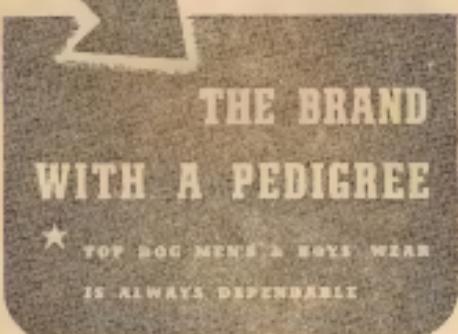
DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE
--- OR A CATHEDRAL ?



WHEN THE BISHOP GOES
OFF TO HIS APPOINTMENTS
DUDLEY STARTS TO TAKE
CARE OF THE NEGLECTED
FLYING SYSTEM -----



DUDLEY SEES JULIA GOING
OUT ALONE, KNOWS HER
DISAPPOINTMENT ABOUT
THE BROKEN LUNCH DATE,
AND FOLLOWS HER -----



MEETING THE BISHOP'S WIFE IN THE PARK, DUDLEY TALKS WITH HER, INVITES HER TO LUNCH AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE SHE WAS GOING WITH THE BISHOP



JULIA AND DUDLEY BECOME AWARE THAT SOME OF THE BISHOP'S CONGREGATION ARE WATCHING, HORRIFIED TO SEE THE BISHOP'S WIFE LUNCHING WITH ANOTHER MAN



TAKING THE RESTAURANT, DUDLEY AND THE BISHOP'S WIFE MEET AN OLD PROFESSOR, A FRIEND OF JULIA'S, WHO INVITES THEM TO HIS ROOMS FOR SHERRY--



DUDLEY ORDERS' LUNCH IN FRENCH ~~~~~

YOU SPEAK FRENCH BEAUTIFULLY /

I HAD QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO DO IN PARIS --



DUDLEY SAVES THE SITUATION BY INVITING THE SCANDALIZED PARISHIONERS TO JOIN JULIA FOR COFFEE, EXPLAINING THAT HE IS THE BISHOP'S ASSISTANT



THE PROFESSOR POLSES SHERRY FOR HIS GUESTS

HOW IS YOUR BOOK GOING?



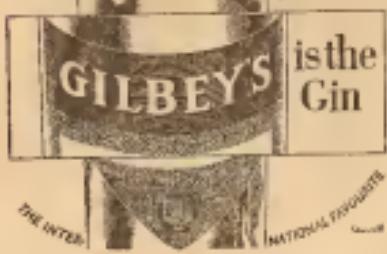
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TEN NEGROES AND GOLD DUST



They unwillingly started a profitable export trade.

Prince Henry the Navigator, one of the outstanding sailors of all time, was cruising along the Atlantic coast of Africa in the hot summer of 1442 when one of his officers, Anton Goncalves, captured some Moors, much to Henry's displeasure. Ordered to return them to their people, Goncalves did so with bad grace, but the Moors, in turn, presented him with some gold dust and ten Negro slaves.

That incident started the Negro slave trade, and soon Negroes were being shipped to Spain and Portugal in large numbers. Later, when Nicolas de Ovando went to Haiti as Governor, he was instructed to "protect" the Indian natives. And so, Negroes were shipped across the Atlantic as slaves. Actually, the "protection" of the Indians was due to the prodding of the Bishop of Chaia. It was he, in fact, who suggested that every Spaniard in Haiti should be permitted to import a dozen Negro slaves. The good Bishop later admitted that his idea was not sound. The natives of Haiti were still oppressed, and the treatment of the Negroes was even worse. But it was too late

to turn back, and the Emperor Charles granted one of his Flemish favourites the exclusive right to sell 4500 Negroes annually in Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica and Porto Rico. The favourite wisely sold the right to German merchants for 35,000 ducats, for every European country was now entering the trade with vigor.

Strangely enough, out of the agony and misery of slave trading, there arose one good development . . . life assurance. Masters of ships would insure their cargo, and though it was only incidental that the cargo was composed of human beings, from this grew the idea of assuring the lives of the ship's crew, and in turn, the lives of all free men for the security of themselves and their dependents.

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I NEVER SEEM TO MAKE ANY HEADWAY WITH THAT BOOK. I JUST CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO SAY . . .



AS THEY LEAVE, DUDLEY TELLS THE PROFESSOR HE WILL HAVE TIME TO FINISH HIS BOOK. THE OLD MAN IS GREATLY CHEERED BY THEIR VISIT . . .



WILL I FINISH MY BOOK?
YOU'LL FINISH IT!

--AND UPSTAIRS IN HER BOULDERS, THE BISHOP'S WIFE LOOKS HAPPIER THAN SHE HAS BEEN FOR A LONG TIME. THE BISHOP HIMSELF NOTICES IT, CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY



DUDLEY AMAZES THE PROFESSOR BY TELLING HIM SOME NEW FACTS OF HISTORY. THE PROFESSOR FINDS DUDLEY'S WORDS INSPIRING AND HELPFUL . . .



PURSUED AT HIS WIFE'S LONG ABSENCE, THE BISHOP IS ANGRIER WHEN HE LEARNS OF HER MOVEMENTS . . .



I DON'T BELIEVE YOU'RE AN ANGEL!

HE STARTS TO APPRECIATE JULIA . . . I THINK OUR WELL-DESERVED HOME IS DUE TO YOU . . .

WHY . . . THANK YOU, DARLING!



NEXT DAY IS THE SAME.
JULIA HAS PROMISED
TO VISIT A SLUM CHURCH,
PROMISED THE BISHOP
WOULD GO TOO, BUT HE
HAS TO GO AND SEE
MRS. HAMILTON . . .



LEAVING THE CAR AT
MRS. HAMILTON'S HOME
HE SAYS EMPHASITICALLY
HE WON'T VISIT SLUM CHURCH

I WON'T BE THERE !



THE VISIT IS A GREAT SUCCESS
YOU MAKE ME FEEL
EVERYTHING WILL BE
ALL RIGHT . . .



JULIA TRIES TO IMPRESS
UPON THE BISHOP THAT
THE SLUM CHILDREN
WOULD APPRECIATE HIS
VISIT, HE SAYS WEALTHY
MRS. HAMILTON MUST
COME FIRST . . .



AT THE CHURCH THE
BOYS SING FOR THE
BISHOP'S WIFE, DUDLEY
CHEERS THEM, AND THE
BISHOP DOESN'T SEEM
TO BE NERVOUS . . .



DUDLEY SUGGESTS THEY
GO SKATING TOGETHER--



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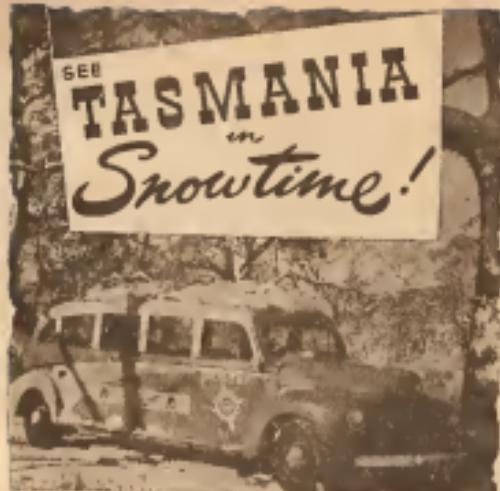
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AFTER A PLEASANT SKATING INTERLUDE JULIA AND DUDLEY GO HOME

I'M HAVING SO MUCH FUN IT SEEMS WICKED!



THE BISHOP SAYS HE HAS TALKED MRS. HAMILTON INTO A REASONABLE FRAME OF MIND. DUDLEY ACCUSES HIM OF SACRIFICING HIS PRINCIPLES.



DUDLEY DECIDES TO CALL ON MRS. HAMILTON. HAS SOME DIFFICULTY IN GETTING THE BUTLER TO ANNOUNCE HIM . . .



WHILE WAITING TO BE ANNOUNCED, DUDLEY WANDERS INTO A DRAWING ROOM AND IN AN ELABORATE BOX HE DISCOVERS . . .





MRS HAMILTON COMES IN AND FINDS DUDLEY PLAYING THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY HER GIRLHOOD'S LOVER.



A NEW MRS. HAMILTON SOON AFTERWARDS GREETED THE BISHOP AND HIS WIFE, TELLING THEM FRANKLY SHE IS A REFORMED CHARACTER!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HER LIFE THIS PROUD MRS. HAMILTON TELLS HER SECRET DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND BEGINS TO FEEL BETTER OF HER BITTERNESS. ----



DUDLEY HAVING SOLVED THE BISHOP'S PROBLEMS AND BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO MANY PEOPLE, QUIETLY DISAPPEARS. THEY DON'T EVEN REMEMBER HIM BUT THEY ALL FEEL BETTER FOR HIS VISIT.



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ALL-BRAN*
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EIGHT FURLONGS TO A MILE

Eddie went sick. Everybody hoped he'd changed, and they needed him.

★ FRANK SABAO

EDDIE stood under the big clock, waiting for the feeling to take hold of him again. It was slow in coming. All around him were people who had come back, and you could see they were glad, and you could see they were glad. Maybe the difference between those people and Eddie was that they knew where they were going. They had come back to somewhere.

Eddie drifted. There were no old familiar faces. Even the language seemed different after the slow speech

of the Queensland outback. Eddie boarded a train for the sky.

In the train it was better. Two men in front of him were talking over Saturday's races. It seemed a percentage of his visitors had won, so that the talk was not bitter. Eddie had not read the papers. Now he learned that Sea Challenger had fallen, broken a leg, been destroyed. The horse had been a strong five-year-old. Eddie remembered it only as a green two-year-old that ran wild in the back stretches. He had ridden it at the same

day he had ridden War March. And after War March there had been no more rides for Eddie, not for two years and maybe never.

Then a hand was laid on Eddie's shoulder. He turned and looked into the face of the man behind him, seeing wrinkled teeth and a crooked smile. The voice said, "Yankee Eddie Lambert, aren't you?"

"Yankee," Eddie said, waiting for it. "Well, what d'you know? Bare Eddie," the big man said to his face. "You're a friend of Stacey. He'll be glad to know you're back."

"Till he will," Eddie twisted around in the seat and said. "And you can tell him, now. No dice. The hell with Stacey."

The man laughed, and said, "Right, Eli! Tell him that!"

Eddie left the train and went down the street to the lobby of the cheap hotel. They had kept a room for him. He went up to the room and unfastened his grip and lay on the bed. He was home. There was no nothing to it. Strange voices, a strange city, two men walking on a train, a man who recognized his face, a shabby room in a cheap hotel. Eddie wondered if he had done the right thing in coming back. Maybe you could never come back.

In the morning Eddie went out to the track. Fog lay over the downtown. The house went suddenly into the fog and came suddenly out of it. A few of the old hands nodded at Eddie and edged away to grab an arm and nod again. They looked at Eddie but none of them spoke to him until Eddie came over and said, "What'd you think of that one?"

They were watching a well-built boy trying to kill his ride. He looked like succeeding.

"What do you want me to think?" Eddie asked Bleasdale.

"That's Grand Bend," the trainer said. "You'd make a good pair. I'd trust him just about as far as I'd trust you."

"He needs a strong hand," Eddie said.

"A strong hand would be better, in both cases," Bleasdale said. "Don't expect me to say I'm glad to see you back. Carl Vider wants to see you back."

Eddie watched them try to handle

the boy. When they had stopped trying he left the track and took a walk to Valera's place. He got off the train and walked down a street of dilapidated houses.

Eddie had no need to count the numbers down the street. He knew Valera's house. The painting of two years had not changed it much. The walls were mere in need of a fresh coat of paint than ever, the columns fraying the stone ornaments were still weathered gray, the gardens were the same wild tangle. Eddie was glad nothing had changed. Knew he knew where he was heading.

The gate creaked. Eddie closed it and went up the steps to the veranda where a young sister lay asleep on the mat in front of the door. The door opened one eye, stretched the muscles of his near front leg, yawned, and brushed the stone floor with his tail. Eddie reached over her to find the bell.

The door was opened by a young girl, who wore her soft black hair in heavy braids over her shoulders. She was good to look at, and she had a fine warm smile. Eddie had been touching the dog. Now he stood ready and faced the girl, wondering if she would remember him, how she would remember him.

"Eddie," she said. "Eddie Lambert. We have 'Welcome' written on our doorpost, but Eddie is always lying on it."

Eddie said, "Thanks, June."

"Come in," Vider's daughter said. "Dad's in his usual haunt on the back veranda. You remember the way, don't you?"

"I know the way," he told her. "You've grown a lot, June. I hardly recognized you."

"Well, Eddie, you haven't changed a bit. Or have you?"

"You never know, June," Eddie said. He walked ahead of her through the hall and the narrow room to the sun porch out back of the house. There Vider sat relaxed in a deck chair, the old settee back of his feet. Beyond the porch was another tangle of gardens. Two years had not changed anything, except maybe Eddie.

Vider took Eddie's hand and shook it, held it a moment and looked at the palm. "Glad to see you, Eddie."

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he said, releasing the hand. "Pull up a chair and sit down." He watched Eddie bring the chair and settle in it.

"Glad to see you've been working," Vidor went on. "I was afraid the lay-off might have made you just that much smarter than you used to be, and that was the smart, Eddie."

Eddie brought out tobacco and papers and started to roll a cigarette. Having something to do with his hands made him feel more at ease. "Yes, I've been working, Carl. Up in Quantico. Around houses. I've been a roustabout on pretty near every station north of the line, breaking 'em in when they were new to break in, the rest of the time doing anything that comes my way. I've fit, as good as ever, and right down to weight."

"You you look fit," Vidor said. "And how smart are you these days?"

Eddie let the question sit in the air a while. He finished rolling the cigarette and lit it, raised the watch over the porch rail. "I pulled a lot of stuff, Carl. You know that. I was very smart. So they didn't mess about when they got me. They put me out for two years. Now I'm thirty-five, and for all the stuff I pulled, the back of my pants is still pretty thin. I know there won't be another chance."

"Clock," said Vidor.

"Where's you got for me, Carl?"

"Well, I need you for Grand Eagle Pictures. Eddie has him set for the mile at Headquarters, but there's talk of barring him. I still think all he needs is the right man on top."

Eddie grunted at Vidor. "Pictures is a radio word, Carl. I was out watching them radio words this morning. But I think he can be handled. Kind of a last chance for both of us."

"That's right," Vidor said. "Well, you see Eddie in the morning. He hates your liver and lights for what you did in War Measure, but I think he'll give you a fair go. God rest you if you pull my stuff off on him."

"God hate me," Eddie snarled with him. "Thanks, Carl."

Eddie saw Blodde in the morning. They did not shake hands. The teacher put him up on Grand Eddie. "Make your own work," he told

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Eddie. "Then bring him around and we'll try him at the barrier."

They were working on the course proper that morning, running lass a fresh wind that carried the smell of broken mud, and a little of the sea. It was a good mixture. Eddie took the Eagle along quickly for the first two, under a tight rein.

When he gave seven reins, the Eagle tried to bolt with it. Eddie used hands and knees to keep the paces as he wanted it. Then they went around the turn, and the Eagle ran off on the course and Eddie fought him away from the fence into the straight. "Now, Eddie," Eddie said, and gave him his head a little. They ran out a flat two before Eddie again re-coupled the horse who was master.

They had no trouble with him at the barrier walls. Eddie said, "All right, so far. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for Saturday. Then I'll probably step you and kick you clear over the running rail."

"Tidy," Eddie said. "You're keeping your fingers crossed, but an where side?" His or mine?"

Blaude, looking at the jockey, who had stripped War Nunnon, said, "I'll give you three guesses."

Saturday was a sabathus meeting, with Grand Eagle and eleven others fighting it out over a mile. Not a big meeting or an important meeting, except to Eddie and Grand Eagle. Blaude kept his fingers crossed.

The Eagle was like a lamb in the saddle paddock. The panels over, they went out as to the track. This was a tense period for Eddie. Then someone down near the rails broke the tension, shouting, "Darts Eddie Eddie the Dog," and the Eagle tried to bolt. Eddie held him. Now that it was broken, it was all right. He took the Eagle around the course to the stalls, circled him behind them until the field was ready, and brought him in.

"Behave now. Don't make me have to get tough with you," Eddie told him. There were two playing up on the outside. Eagle had driven master there. Eddie let him back out from the stall and walk around behind until the field was quiet again.

"Get him in, Lambert."

Eddie took him on slowly. Then the barrier rose and they ran.

Coming fifth, Eddie found the Eagle wanting to loose out. He moved him away from the rail, and let him work out through the spread field. They lay fourth at the first turn, where they dropped back a long way as Eddie fought to keep the Eagle on the course.

In the straight the field came back to them until they were running third, but broke out. Eddie felt the power of the great driven muscles under him. It was like that. The people who first saw man and horse together and thought they were one had not been for wrong. But on the farm at the back of the course they were man and horse again, and this time "They" were no ground lost, we dropper back.

The Eagle moved up on the leaders. Eddie did not have to fight him around the home turn. Then, in the straight, Eddie said, "Now, Eddie." They ran out clear of the field. Eddie could unclasp his fingers. The judge did not need a photo to notice the winner.

There were a few cheers as Eddie rode back in style. The three horses stood in line. Prince, in a central place on Blue Island, and "The Comanchie," Eddie. Something good you've got under you. They had him discussed, but not by name, pal."

Blaude looked like the man who has found a turnover in the street and suspects it is confectioner. There was no bank Blaude could go to for a cheque on Eddie. Eddie had not come out to the track, but his daughter was there with Blaude.

"You never know," June Vader said, smiling at Eddie.

That was Saturday. Eddie knew on the Wednesday following. He was staying at a small hotel in the city. When he came back from riding work on the Wednesday morning, they were waiting for him in the hotel lobby. Eddie and the pony, Dantes.

Prince and the blood-brown, who said, "Well, Eddie. My old friend, Eddie. Long time no see."

"It might be better if we went upstairs," June suggested. "This is no place to talk."



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They went up to Eddie's room. Eddie sat in the only chair. Poosie stood. Stan lay on the bed.

Stan looked around the room. There was not much of it to look around. He sneezed at the room. Eddie watched him. "All right," Eddie said. "It's no use at the Australia. Let's get that sorted and have what you want."

"Well, Eddie? Me? Do I want anything, Ed?" he asked Poosie.

"Not that I know of," Poosie answered him. "Unless that Packard of yours is constipated, and you want a good one."

"No," Stan said. "The Packard is all right. Ha, I don't want anything, Ed. Unless it's to see an old friend of mine get on. Say, as old friend who's had the bad breaks lately. I'd want to help anyone like that."

"Those two friends you've ever helped, Stan?" Eddie asked him.

"In fact, same two friends," Poosie added, grinning.

Stan grinned with him. "You boys are certainly hard as ice. Self that's the way R always is. Try to help broken and they begin to suspect you, sing off at you. It's hard being a survivor."

Poosie, the straight man, said. "That's funny. I always thought she was a Baptist," and Stan and Poosie laughed at that together.

"Refugees from war-torn lands," Eddie told them. "No wonder it's dead." The smile did not leave long on their faces. Now they would come sorted to business.

"Yes, Eddie, it troubles me to find a friend of mine living in a place like this. Particularly such an old friend. And it makes me glad to be in a position to help you, Ed." Stan, the survivor.

"New ranch would this help run to?" Eddie asked him.

"Three thousand," Poosie said quickly.

"Five thousand," Stan amended. "This is Eddie we're talking to. Our friend. Five grand for our friend."

"That's big money," Eddie said.

"This is a big operation," Stan told him. "We're very keen to see Eddie Roland win that race on Saturday, probably more keen than the owner and the trainer and all his

other connections put together."

"Well, I'll have to think about it," Eddie said. "I can't promise anything. The Eagle is a hard one to hold back."

Stan rose from the bed and looked at Eddie. "Yes, I know that, Ed. And if anyone can hold him, you see, I trust you, pal."

"Tally, we trust you," Poosie added. "Five thousand will buy a nice little decency but when you can relax and let your weight build up to a good sound figure. See you, Ed."

When they had gone, Ed lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. He felt as though and thirty-five years old and very tired.

Closing his eyes was, maybe, a mistake, because when you haven't anything to look at you start seeing things that aren't there.

Ed started seeing things he'd seen before, that too many other people had seen: things he didn't want to see again. He saw War Monarch, then all the trouble had been about War Monarch. Looked a long way away—Ed saw him through two years as every station in Queensland, through houses and men and girls and lonely roads and lonely nights.

There were a half of a lot crowding between Ed and War Monarch—such a lot that the horns sounded very dim. You wouldn't think the others would remember that clearly. But they never forgot.

It was funny that those boys had given poor a clear acre, they thought. They had borrowed horses from you and forgotten that, too. But they didn't forget War Monarch.

Ed remembered someone down nose the rails breaking the tension by shouting "Dirty Dog!" They shouted. "Eddie the Dog!" Well, it was easy to shout dirty names when you were in a crowd—easier than listening to them when you were housebroken high and everyone knew who you meant. There was a link between War Monarch and the short-haired dog—a link with Blinde's daughter, June. She'd changed, grown, but hadn't forgotten. It might have been easier for June to forget, if everybody else had forgotten—or at least had pretended not to remember.

Spotlight on HOLLYWOOD!



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by Linda Darnell

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for SEPTEMBER

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Jane had shamed for the better. What Jane remembered ought even past—she was at an age where she was growing out of things and growing into other things—but it was sheer hell that Sisca remembered.

Eddie was forced to remember—he hadn't said so, but it was Eddie's memory that prompted his visit.

Eddie was entitled to resent the visit. Or was he? Men like Sisca had to be careful who they approached with their propinquities. You couldn't talk that way about five thousand to anybody you met on a corner. But Sisca still he could talk to Eddie. If there'd been reason he could always have come back at Eddie. He could have said, "You didn't feel like that about War Man-and-Dirty Eddie?"

He could have, and Eddie could have had a fight on his hands then. But he hadn't said it, and Eddie had just sent him away. But he couldn't send away the tired feeling he got carrying so many memories around. He lay remembering for quite a while.

Some of the tiredness had worn off by three-thirteen in the afternoon, however. Eddie put Eddie up as Grand Eagle, while Vida and his daughter stood by and watched.

"You never know," Eddie said to Jane Vida. It was wearing thin, but that was the last time. After that, she would know.

The band started playing. Eddie paraded Grand Eagle and then they went out on to the track. There were shouts, but Eddie did not hear them. He let the Eagle run freely around in the stalls, where the field would start. Parts of the race had already been run, in Eddie's mind. The rest was a matter of luck and judgement. He had the judgement.

Also some of the luck, since Grand Eagle had been drawn wide out. Eddie Hilwood would start close to the rail. Between them were a lot of other horses. Eddie wondered how many of those chances Eddie had tried to square. But there were not many like Pucco. Only Pucco and Dirty Eddie.

The Eagle stood quietly in his stall at the barrier. So quietly that he almost unstartled Eddie when he

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stared and tried to shake the strands. Eddie brought him down, let him back out of the stall, and walked him around. The maddened moved away but did not gallop. The Eagle came back big time.

The horses rose and the bell jingle and the field moved out like a roller over across the green turf. Then the wire broke, and out of it came two from overseas, with Blue Riband and Grand Eagle lying third and fourth.

Maddified as distant thunder, the public address system matched their progress past the seven. "And now Loredan has moved away from The Solat, with a length in Blue Riband, a length and a half to Grand Eagle, one coming up on the outside of Grand Eagle is Narcissus, followed by Dene, Mohred, Latona, three hundred leather chaps, three lengths further back is Goliath, second last at this stage The Drunken, and the last is Showy. Now, coming to the six . . ."

Coming to the six The Solat dropped away suddenly, leaving Leyland, Blue Riband and Grand Eagle, with Narcissus barking in on him a little. Eddie drew in enough reins to let Narcissus go by, and they were to the five with the Eagle still in check, Mohred coming on the inside of blue Riband and the Eagle passing him. Passe in front riding a confident nose in Blue Riband. Passe and a lot of money drawing Blue Riband.

Loredan still had a slight lead over Blue Riband as they came to the half-mile post, with Mohred coming in there too on the inside, a length back Narcissus, and on the outside of him Grand Eagle.

And now, with the maddened thunder and the beat of hooves, came the new sound, growling. By exertion out of thirty thousand mouths this sound was born. Eddie took the Eagle past Narcissus, and they chased Mohred.

"With two furlongs to go, Loredan is third and now Blue Riband has a slight lead over him, half a length to Mohred, closely followed by Grand Eagle, a length to Narcissus, Latona, Dene."

With the crowd now as leader than

the blood pounding in his ears, Eddie took the Eagle around the turn into the straight past a dying Loredan, level with Mohred, the two of them gaining on Blue Riband.

"At the farlong there are three of them together, Grand Eagle, Blue Riband, Mohred, with Narcissus a long way back fourth."

At the farlong Passage drew his whip and dashed it back across Eddie's face, and Eddie took the Eagle out front and kept him there until they had crossed the line.

The crowd's roar faded. Eddie stopped the flight of the Eagle and turned him and brought him back to scale.

Eddie's bruised leg grinded at Passage. A few grizzled men, and none to follow. Eddie knew Storn. He knew all about Storn. None of the others he knew about Storn were worthy.

They took Eddie down, and Storn was the first to shake his hand. Then Vidor shook it, and after Vidor June. She did not say, "Now we know." She looked at the mark across Eddie's face and said nothing.

It was Eddie who said, "You're all right, Eddie."

It had been a good race, and now it was over. There were other races. When these were also over, it was time to go home. They went to Vidor's place to celebrate the win. Then Eddie was tired enough to welcome June's offer to drive him into the city.

The ride had not tired Eddie. There are many ways a man can be tired. Outside the hotel June said, "Outside, Eddie. Dad's getting old. Wearing today means a lot to him." "Goodnight, June," Eddie said, as her.

Looking up at the front of the building he could see the light on in his room.

Winning the race had meant a lot to Eddie, too. It had wiped out a few of the debts he had owed to the past. It had cost him the best part of five thousand.

He turned away from Vidor's pick and went through the doors to the lobby, and up the stairs to his room, where he guessed he would find out

how much more the war would cost him.

After all, this was no tidy-livered bargain between adults; it was an agreement a man who supposed to himself and the struggle within Eddie's heart was not likely to be of interest to Stein. It was perhaps a spiritual struggle yes or I might think of it at such times wouldn't know the meaning of the word.

But Eddie had that on his own. He had struck a bargain, and he had renewed it in his mind—a democratic privilege that Videot and his girl world never knew about that Stein just wouldn't understand.

Stein was not a good lover.

There were three of them in his room. They were but girls. They did not look the right kind of big men.

Two were on the bed and one in the chair in Eddie's room. He went in and closed the door behind him. This was it.

"Relax," one of the two on the bed told him. "We've three other rays, sit down and relax." He got up and went to the window. The one in the chair was also watching out the window.

Eddie sat on the bed. The third man said, "Blasphemy sent us. He also sent word to Stein to lay off you,

but maybe Stein will disregard that."

"Blasphemy?" Eddie said.

"He heard about Stein trying the fix. You didn't let Eddie and Videot down, do they aren't letting you down, either?"

Eddie said nothing. Two years back he had runned. War Measures, owned by Videot, named by Blasphemy. They had given her another chance and today he had played the game straight all the way.

Beside the five greed, he had expected the war to cast him a beaten at the hands of Stein and his friends. Now it did not look that way.

The man standing at the window said, "Here they come. That's Stein's car just pulled in across the street."

"How many?" the one on the bed asked him.

"Looks like Stein and two."

"Good enough," the man on the chair said and "I guess we'll go down and meet them."

Eddie said, "Thanks. I wish I was big enough to handle this myself."

"Then you'd be too big to kick them home, Eddie. You just manage that part of it, and we'll manage this."

They went out of the room and the two Eddie had felt went with them. He was really past the point now.

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Talking Points

■ **COWEN** It's the "Lady from Shanghai" herself—and that is our deserving reader, recent lovely Rita Hayworth. *China* recently at among Hollywood's five most glamorous, her measurements were stacked up against Venus de Milo. Bust—5 feet 5 inches tall, bust 36 waist 26 hips 25. Venus—5 feet 4 inches tall, bust 34½, waist 26½ hips 36.

■ **BETTER?** You'll find this odd surprise in this issue of CAVALCADE. Last issue, with the new type, you had more reading time in your money. Now you have more brilliant eight-column photographic pages with new, exclusive photo-story, and two more full-colour stories to introduce further interest and variety. Like that? Well, we rather thought you would...

■ **MILLS** Dennis Mills is an ex-soldier who covers public tennis courts and makes his expenses out of them. But his relatives are astonished, and his stories have rapidly won him a reputation. "Honour or Death"—or Dennis—that name, will give you an idea why.

Hardly does Dennis turn in factual writing, but research he did for historical stories put some thoughts in his way—these "Mighty Moppets," this issue.

Not often do fact and fiction from the same pen appear cheek by jowl. We offer you both from Mills as a matter of interest.

■ **FUN** Not always sailing or racing is fun. Start the month in a

little journal, but it's got something the account bank's. It's a good job for Mervyn Ausonius, he didn't have a lady with him when he crossed the "burned invasion" in the Maltese country.

■ **DOLLARS CAVALCADE** goes places. A copy we know of reached the U.S.A., and the lucky guy who got it was so impressed by the honest plan that he wrote back. He wants more days on it from W. Wilson Sharp, so that he can build an Australian home as his range. He'll pay in dollars, too.

■ **SHEK OR BILLION?** It's an old question. Ever since ancient times mortal man has marvelled fear and distrust in people. Today some people know better, but very few could answer the questions dealt with by Kenneth Pfeiffer in this issue.

It is a thoughtful and thought-provoking article with the widest application—and one that should allow many answers.

■ **STRIP STORY:** "The Bishop's Wife" is a fine film which adds to the growing variety of CAVALCADE's fine film strip stories. These are becoming increasingly popular, according to readers. CAVALCADE is pleased to tell that in the next issue the famous "Miracle of the Reefs" will be the strip story, presented at one time as an illustrated condensation of a famous book and a preview of a particularly good film.



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